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ERRATA.

- Page 21, line 326, for "*erene*," read *Serene*.
— 26, line 426, for "*cyle*," read *chyle*.
— 104, line 293, for "*riſe*," read *raiſe*.
— 105, line 303, for "*not*," read *nor*.
— 147, line 535, *dele the note of admiration*.
— 161, line 130, for "*not*," read *nor*.
— 180, line 144, for "*hand*," read *hands*.
— 204, line 338, read *The clinging woodvine, and the fragrant
briar*.

INFANCY,
A
DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The Invocation, and Introduction.—Health is the greatest blessing of mankind.—It should be the chief aim of parents to procure their children the enjoyment of it.—Nature and instinct therefore are to be followed.—Pernicious custom of giving children some drug soon after they are born.—The best remedy, at that time, is the first milk of the mother.—Various reasons and motives for the mother's suckling her children.—An amiable duty.—Apostrophe to tender affection.—Directions how to choose a nurse, if the mother cannot perform that office herself.—Cities destructive to infants.—Recommendation of the country.—The mother should oversee the conduct of the nurse.—The nurse's usual manner of life should be altered as little as possible.—Address to Habit.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CELESTIAL Maid! from genuine science sprung !

Thee the pretended sage, whose leaden eye
Inwapt in metaphysic gloom, ne'er deigns
A cheerful smile, thee with contracted brow,
And haughty gesture, all his vassals shun :
While by the Graces drest, Instruction hails
Thy guiding care. Celestial maid attend !
Tho barren be the subject, o'er its wilds
So may a verdure not their own be shed,
And blooming flowers. With me then turn thy fight
On the prime infant-state of helpless man : 11
On the first dawn of life, when nature now
Ushers her tender offspring into day ;
Observe the young ideas how they wake
In gradual order, till at length matured
By time, they speak a living soul within.
View too the transient flash of mirth ; the ill

Not real, yet afflictive; the quick thought
 For ever varying, glanced from toy to toy.
 Then constant motion pleases, then the ear 20
 Catches at every sound, the eye untired
 Darts its wild ray, and every object thrills
 The new-born sense with joy. Come Virgin, teach
 How on the government of these first years
 Depends the future man; no vulgar theme,
 No fruitless task, experiencing thy aid.

WE write to reason: Hence ye doating train
 Of midwives and of nurses ignorant!
 Old beldames grey, in error positive,
 And stiff in prejudice, whose fatal care 30
 Oft death attends, or a life worse than death.

O YOUTH, whoe'er thou art, to beauty's charms
 A slave, to all that inexpressive grace
 Which native modesty and truth bestow
 On their moreauteous minds, and which exalts
 Britannia's daughters o'er the female world!
 Is thy beloved propitious? Doth the god
 Kindle his nuptial torch? And dost thou wish

The

The name of father, amiable, humane?
To view thy little progeny around 40
Happy, well-formed, and strong? Attend the muse:
The instructive muse shall teach thee to obtain
Thy heart's desire. And say, wilt thou fair nymph,
Complacent heed with favourable eye
The moral lay, refined and pure? To thee
Custom hath given, while active life shall call
Thy husband forth amid its boist'rous walks,
Domestic rule: thine is the nursery's charge;
Important trust! from him what absence hides,
Thy constant anxious care shall well supply. 50

HEALTH is the greatest blessing man receives
From bounteous heaven; by her the smiling hours
Are wing'd with transport; she too gives the soul
Of firmness; without her, the hand of toil
Would languid sink; the eye of reason fade.

To this then bend thy care, O parent mind;
Array thy child in health; a nobler dress
Not gorgeous majesty can boast; the thanks
Of future gratitude thou wilt receive,

More

More than around him from thy treasured hoard 60
 Then showering sums profuse ; or giving all
 Thy herds, and bleating flocks ; tho thousands range
 Thy spacious meads, or cloath thy ample hills.

WOULD'ST thou thy children blest ? The sacred voice
 Of nature calls thee ; where she points the way
 Tread confident. No labyrinth is here ;
 No clue of Ariadne wilt thou need,
 To Theseus given ; fair is her open path,
 And strong the steady light she casts around,
 Instinctive light, the surest safest guide. 70

THY child is born. See, where the treacherous nurse,
 Or priestess of Lucina, in her hand
 The ready medicine brings ! Forewarned, beware ;
 Within the fatal drug lurks death ; by this,
 Thousands from yet untasted life retire,
 Thousands of infant souls ; yet sanctified
 By custom, other reasons are assign'd,
 And nature is accused of impious deeds
 She ne'er committed. Nature will preserve
 Whate'er she frames : and what the child requires 80

In

In his new state, sagaciously provides,
 Both food and remedy : Before the sun
 Hath from his birth encircled half the sphere,
 He asks, plain as expressive signs can ask,
 The mother's breast : Without a moment's pause
 Hear the mute voice of instinct and obey.
 Know the first efflux from the milky fount
 Is nature's chymic mixture, which no power
 Of art presumptuous can supply ; this flows
 Gently deterfive, purifying, bland ; 90
 This each impediment o'ercomes, and gives
 The young, unfetter'd springs of life to play.
 Hence too the mother is secure : The streams,
 Her infant's health promoting, flow to her
 Salubrious ; otherwise confined, or urged
 Back to their source, what evils may she dread !
 Sicknefs, and giddy languor, shivering cold,
 And heat alternate, dire obstructions, pangs
 Of sharpest torture, cancers, by the juice
 Of boasted hemlock not to be removed. 100

O MOTHER (let me by that tenderest name
 Conjure thee) still pursue the task begun ;

Nor

Nor unless urged by strong necessity,
 Some fated, some peculiar circumstance,
 By which thy health may suffer, or thy child
 Inhale disease, or that the genial food
 Too scanty flows, give to an Alien's care
 Thy orphan babe. Oh! if by choice thou dost—
 What shall I call thee? woman? No, tho fair
 Thy face, and deckt with unimagined charms 110
 Tho sweetness seem pourtray'd in every line,
 And smiles which might become a Hebe, rise
 At will, crisping thy rosy cheeks, though all
 That's lovely, kind, attractive, elegant,
 Dwell in thy outward shape, and catch the eye
 Of gazing rapture, all is but deceit;
 The form of woman's thine, but not the soul.
 Had'st thou been treated thus, perchance the prey
 Of death long since, no child of thine had known
 An equal lot severe. O unblown flower! 120
 Soft bud of spring! Planted in foreign soil,
 How wilt thou prosper! Brush'd by other winds
 In a new clime, and fed by other dews
 Than suit thy nature! From a stranger hand
 Ah, what can infancy expect, when she

Whose

Whose essence was inwove with thine, whose life,
 Whose soul thou didst participate, neglects
 Herself in thee, and breaks the strongest seal
 Which nature stamp'd in vain upon her heart.

O LUCKLESS Babe, born in an evil hour !

130

Who shall thy numerous wants attend ? explore
 The latent cause of ill ? thy slumbers guard ?
 And when awake, with nice sedulity
 Thy every glance observe ? A parent might ;
 A hireling cannot ; though of blameless mind,
 Tho conscious duty prompt her to the task,
 She feels not in her breast the impulsive goad
 Of instinct, all the fond, the fearful thoughts
 Awakening : say, at length that habit's power
 Can something like maternal kindness give,
 Yet, ere that time, may the poor nursing die.

140

BESIDES, who can assure the lacteal springs
 Clear, and untainted ? Oft disorder lurks
 Beneath the vivid bloom, and cheerful eye,
 Promising health ; and poisonous juice secrete,
 Slow undermining life, stains what should be

The

The purest nutriment. Hence, worse than death,
 Long years of misery to thy blasted child.
 A burthen to himself, by others shunn'd,
 He wishes for the grave, and wastes his days 150
 In solitary woe; or haply weds,
 And propagates the hereditary plague;
 Entailing on his name the bitter curse
 Of generations yet unborn, a race
 Pithless, and weak, of faded texture wan;
 Like some declining plant, with mildew'd leaves,
 Whose root a treacherous insect gnaws unseen.

But, whether lost in pleasure, in the round
 Of modish life, and dissipation gay,
 Misnamed polite, the welfare of her child 160
 The fair barbarian looks on with an eye
 Distant, and cold; or imitating her,
 As faults of higher station always gain
 Partial abettors, the neglected muse
 Hath to the parent in life's middle rank
 Tuned her unfruitful lay; she shall not cease
 Desponding, weightier arguments for them,
 More strenuous, more coercive she can bring,

To

To which perhaps self-interested love
 Will ope their listening sense. Of mental joys 170
 And pure delight, they would not understand,
 Or relish the description. But if health
 They covet, nor before the genial prime
 With the stern fates to cut their vital thread,
 Those hearts may prove susceptible of fear,
 Which instinct, love, and duty could despise.
 Nor seek we fabled incidents, to strike
 With superstitious dread the mind, but truth,
 Plain, honest truth, inspires the homely song.

SHE who refuses to her young one's lip 180
 Her swelling bosom, each returning year
 Conceives, and each returning year sustains
 The pangs of child-birth. Harass'd by fatigue,
 The strongest constitution droops ; but soon
 The weaker system, like a blighted flower,
 Falls underneath the shock. The nursing time
 Was meant by wisest nature, as a stay,
 A vacant interspace, in which the nerves,
 And threads of life unstrung, might re-assume
 Their native tone, endued again with strength, 190
 And

And corresponding freedom, to support
 The day of toil : as a sure medicine,
 To root out many an illness, else unquell'd,
 From the soft female frame : to invigorate
 The fragile texture, and with grateful force
 Astringe the fibres, morbid and relax'd.
 But if not e'en these motives can persuade;
 To improve her charms, new beauties to possess,
 Is woman's utmost wish. Mark then the fair,
 Who to this sweet employment turns her mind ! 200
 Delighted health sits on her polish'd brow,
 And shews the veins beneath ; Spreads o'er her cheek
 The vermil glow ; her eyes with lustre fills ;
 Decks her with radiant smiles, and all her form
 With grace ineffable, and comeliness
 Invests. Enough of these—The muse beholds
 With rapture some of other kind—Oh ! hail
 Ye real mothers ! Ye whose hearts are full
 Of sensibility ! Who, highly pleased,
 Would not, for all the gewgaws pride can boast, 210
 Loosen the magic knot, which joins in one
 Your babes and you ; or see a hireling share
 The love, which to a mother sole belongs.

O Thou

O Thou, to whom, one of this pious train,
 I with esteem and veneration bend !
 Lead on with decent step, uncheck'd by fear,
 To those domestic haunts, where peace expands
 Her wings, and harmony delighted dwells.
 Let me behold thee rivet thy fix'd eye
 On the young infant form, then press it close, 220
 Close to thy throbbing heart, then on its lips
 A thousand kisses print, thy eyes with joy
 O'erflowing, in each feature nicely scann'd,
 Tracing the dear resemblance of its fire.
 And lo! where pleas'd, beyond expression pleas'd,
 To see thee in the sweetest task employ'd
 Of female duty, where thy husband hangs
 O'er thee enamour'd ! Scarcely did the night
 Which gave thee to his arms, bestow a joy
 To this superior ; thrilling to the mind, 230
 Sincere, and home-felt. O true name of love,
 Tender Affection ! Genuine source of bliss
 Immaculate, and pure ! The transient blaze
 Of passion soon subsides, thy steadier fire
 Time but increases ! Soft coercive band,
 Connecting souls ! Without thee, what is life !

B

Mild

Mild Halcyon of the breast, whose summer wing
 Calms every raging storm ! To thee the wife,
 The good still offer incense ; all who bear
 No fordid stains ; nor any but the dull, 240
 Or grovelling, in her parsimonious mood
 By nature form'd, or whom with iron hand
 Tyrannic custom rules, despise thy sway

THrice happy she, by inclination led,
 By nought with-held, to add this pleasing link,
 This heart-endearing bond, to the sweet ties
 Of married love ! But should'st thou e'er be doom'd,
 Votares of truth and virtue, to resist
 The attractive warmth by their eternal hands
 Implanted ; to resist the liberal call 250
 Of duty and desire ; condemned by ails
 From causes unforeseen, to tear the pledge
 From thy fond bosom ; while thy sickening heart
 Bleeds at the thought, condemn'd another's care
 To invoke for him, the babe, thy straining eyes
 Gaze on with nameless pleasure : Let my lay
 Direct thy choice for the momentous task
 Whom to retain, what parent to adopt

For

For thy unconscious young one ; for from her
 Not only nutriment perhaps he takes, 260
 To life and growth subservient, but who knows
 How far the stamina yet unevolved,
 How far the soul herself as yet unformed,
 For texture, vigour, passions, intellect,
 On this thy act depend ? Far from the bounds
 Of the rank city, let some trusty mind
 Explore the straw-rooft cott ; there, firm of nerve
 Her blood from every grosser particle,
 By hardy labour, and abstemious fare,
 Sublimed ; the honest peasant's mate shall ope 270
 Her hospitable arms, receive with joy
 The infant stranger, and profusely yield
 Her pure balsamic nurture to his lip,
 But since the keenest eye may be deceived,
 And vice will lurk amid the country haunts
 To innocence devoted, it were meet
 To investigate among the village Tribe
 Their neighbour's mode of life. Heeds she the laws
 Of matron-like sobriety ? Her fame,
 Is it from all suspicion clear ? Her soul, 280
 To wedlock true ? Feels she a parent's love ?

To her own offspring tenderly benign?
 Does she her husband's constant heart possess?
 Nor seeks he foreign pleasure? Every doubt
 Extinguish'd here; still curiously persist;
 Nor terminate thy search; examine round
 Her little mansion, see if there, in spite
 Of poverty, the step of cleanliness,
 Attractive nymph, unhesitating treads.
 Her age too claims thy notice; let not time 290
 On restless wing have stolen from her face
 The bloom of youth, nor be she green in years.
 For torpid, or impaired by frequent use,
 The flexile vessels which, convolved in maze
 Wrapp'd within maze, secrete the purer stream,
 Their office will more sparingly perform,
 Or less nutritious particles supply.
 And if thy nurse be young, the thoughtful mind
 Of prudence would not to her charge confide
 What claims exactest assiduity, 300
 And serious vigilance. There are who think,
 Too subtle in their theory, the nurse
 Should with the mother aptly coincide
 In age and temperament; but heeding well
The

The precepts we have given, thou may'st neglect
 Such trivial niceness; health from each extreme
 Removed, is not to colour of the hair,
 Or to complexion tinged with red or brown
 Confined: excess thou should'st indeed avoid
 Of plump or lean, nor would I choose the adult 310
 And highly bilious, or the sallow hue
 Of clouded melancholy. Be it then
 Thy primal care to fix on vigorous health
 Adorn'd with smiles, the lovely progeny
 Of constant cheerfulness, and sweet content.
 Nor would I (tho' confess a quality
 Inferior in it's kind) not prize the voice
 From harshness free, whose soft tone can compose
 The froward babe, or gently bid it wake,
 And view the young-eyed morn. O thou, who help'st
 To throng the crowded town, restrain'd by force 321
 Within that court of death, where every gate
 Is tainted with pollution; did the muse,
 If some sad cause forbade thee to pursue,
 The mother's genuine office, to the fields
 serene, and rural Lares, order forth
 Thy tender infant? not from needle's fears

And vain precaution, did she dare to thwart
 The dictates of humanity. She sees,
 What do not to thy eye perhaps appear, 330
 The dreadful train of ills, which swarm within
 The unhallow'd precincts. Well she knows how few
 Out of the many myriads city-born
 Survive, in just proportion scann'd with those
 Who bask in freer day. Yet, much avails
 A parent's unabating love, and sharp
 Is absence to the foul. But can'st thou purge
 The unwholesome atmosphere, gravid with seeds
 Of latent sickness? Suffocation fell,
 Angina, apthous sores, eruptions dire, 340
 Pertussis fierce, and squalid atrophy?
 Say, can'st thou bid the flagging south speed by,
 Nor stagnant, o'er his much-loved mansion brood
 With darkening plume, of poison and of death
 Prolific? When each danger I review,
 Shudd'ring with fear, I scarce would bid thee prove
 The nurse's task, tho nought should intervene
 Of fatal accident, and thou art bound
 By every tie of nature to the deed.
 For can'st thou round thy infant's brow entwine 350

A

A magic wreath? Or caufe an angel lift
 His fhielding arm? Thou can'ft not: follow then
 The precepts of experience; yet let oft
 Maternal fondnefs guide thee to the place
 Where refts the little fojourner, there view
 How cherifh'd, how improved, and lingering chide
 The rapid ftep of ftill-progreffive time,
 Which hurries thee reluctantly away.

BUT can the mother change unblamed the town,
 For fome fequefter'd villa? What denies, 360
 Her bed of ficknefs quitted, to retreat
 And feek the haunts, where peace on flowers reclined
 Lifts to the warbling fongfter of the grove?
 Or from the gently-rifing hill furveys
 The grazing herds, and rivulet which winds
 Meand'ring thro the diftant vale? Where health
 Sports on the level green, and young delight
 Smiling attends: Where bounteous nature fheds
 Her choicelt bleffings, and with guardian wing
 Protects her favourite progeny. Retire, 370
 My fair difciple, hafte to fcenes like thefe,
 And underneath thy roof invite to dwell

The fosterer of thy child. Despise, with me,
 The insipid train of vanity and pride;
 The foppery of custom; quaint parade
 Of ceremonial visit; idle farce
 Of masquerade, or ball, where real joy
 Ne'er entered; conversations gayly dull,
 Unblest by exiled friendship; glare of courts;
 And mummery of the great. Be't thine to walk 380
 With reason, and enjoy the harmonious voice
 Of conscious rectitude, whose soothing strain
 Can lift the soul beyond what vulgar thought
 Can distantly imagine. If thou must
 Require another's aid thy place to fill,
 Her conduct thou direct, and regulate
 The manner of her life, a pleasure this
 Inferior, yet affording ample room
 To gratify the finer nerve of love.
 To see thy substitute at stated times 390
 The life-sustaining food supply, to mark
 How thrives her young dependent, and each day
 Appears addition manifest to gain
 In size and stature, while his eyes beam forth,

At

At least to fancy's peering search, the dawn
Of future reason, and intelligence.

HERE, as in all things, nature opens wide
Her page instructive. Did'st thou not behold
How in her homely dwelling, health imbued
With roseate tint the cheeks, and firmly strung 490
The muscles of her elder boy thy nurse
Hath left behind? She was not surfeited
With dainty cates, and high luxurious fare
When him she suckled; never did a draught
Stronger than water pass her thirsty lip;
Pernicious ale she knew not. When released
From short confinement, to her various wants
No friend, no servant minister'd; her babe
She fill'd, then gave up to the soft embrace
Of sleep; meanwhile no sedentary life 410
She led, she spun the woof, in order meet
She set her cott, the viands she prepared,
With which at even-tide to welcome home
The husband whom she loved: Or in her arms
Bearing her grateful burthen, out she hied,
Braving the summer's heat, or winter's cold,

And

And as she walk'd, caroll'd the incondite lay
 Of rustic merriment. Seek not to change
 Her usual regimen, for if thou do'st,
 Should she escape the fever which impends, 420
 Expect thy child, attack'd by cholic pangs,
 To writhe in torture, or perhaps at once
 Convulsions fierce shall snatch him from the world.
 For now her stomach, which from diet hard,
 By habit's force, and potent exercise
 Elaborated cyle of blandest fort,
 Oppress'd by crudities, corrupts the blood
 With viscid recrement. Or else the brain,
 That source of motion, urged by sympathy,
 Creates new impulses of morbid kind 430
 The vital threads affecting, and from thence
 The elastic arteries, and ruddy stream
 Within their coats contain'd, the different glands
 Their various store secreting, nor escapes
 Among the rest the lacteal tide, the food,
 By nature, of thy child, but now his bane.

O HABIT ! powerful ruler of mankind !
 Great principle of action ! Reconciled

By

By thee to every clime, the human race
 O'erspread this globe; around the frozen pole 440
 Scorn the stern brow of winter, nor beneath
 The equator's torrid influence, dread the shafts
 Of vengeful Phœbus; thou preside'st well-pleas'd
 Over the innocuous vegetable meal,
 Which on the banks of Ganges, or of Ind,
 Satiates the temperate Bramin. Thou can'st tame
 To wholesome nourishment the sanguine feast
 Of the ever-roving Scythian. To thy laws
 We subjugate the willing neck, profess
 Thy vassals; nor the mental faculties 450
 Dost thou not sway; by thee inwrap in maze
 Of subtle politics, the statesman plans
 His fraudulent schemes unceasing. Thou sustain'st
 The sage who labours for the public good
 With patriot care, though oftentimes assail'd
 By black ingratitude. The midnight lamp
 Of meditation, trimm'd by thee, reveals
 To keen philosophy truth's awful face,
 And all his toil is pleasure. Led by thee,
 The bard retreats from vice's noisy reign, 460
 And in the secret grot with fancy holds

Delicious

Delicious converse, while her hand withdraws
The veil from memory's ideal store,
And all the associated tribe of thought
Displays before his view. Still may I bend
Before thy shrine, O Habit, when thy rules
With nature's disagree not, neither then
May we unpunish'd break them, else in vain
Shalt thou attempt to fasten round my heart;
For know, that reason, and her sister form, 470
Fair virtue, can untwist thy magic cords,
And to their will, tho not annihilate,
Can all thy laws attemper and refine.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

INFANCY,

A

DIDACTIC POEM.



BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction, and address to humanity and simplicity.—Importance of the subject.—Nursery, not unworthy the notice of fathers.—Aliment of infants.—Milk, the only provision of nature.—Folly of giving them various kinds of food, and especially of feeding them by night.—Additional food when infants gain the age of two months.—Not to be fed in such a quantity, as that their stomachs may reject the aliment.—Apology for mothers being led into error.—Description of prejudice in general.—Mothers should strive against its power.—Ill effects of repletion, even in grown persons.—Nature to be satisfied, not over-loaded.—Healthy appearance of children temperately brought up, and pleasing prospect of their future behaviour in life by that means.—Weakly children, though sometimes of quick apprehensions, not likely to perform the active duties of life.—The Storgè, or natural affection of parents to their offspring, may be carried to excess.—Weaning.—The fittest time when children are about nine months old.—Before this, proper to accustom them to other food.—Vegetables alone, the cause of many complaints to children.—Importance of the female character.

BOOK

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARE there with pride elate, who cast a glance
Of supercilious scorn on strains like these,
Stiling them low ? While sweet humanity
Attentive listens, vain the cynic sneer,
Or cynic frown. She, her warm cheek suffused
With blushes sprung from conscious virtue, owns
She thinks no task too mean, no work too low,
Whose end is public good ; would save a life,
Rather than deck herself in glittering robes,
And boast of titled honours ; sooner give 10
One ornament to grace the common-weal,
Than purchase a whole emporium of wit.
Come modest dame, and o'er my numbers meek
Preside ; come with simplicity, who hates
The swelling phrase bombast, the insipid term
Pompously introduced, as artists vile
O'er forms uncouth their dazzling colours spread,

And

And mock the eye : she too shall bid the train
 Of haughty ignorance (for 'tis the curfe
 Of pride to be with ignorance conjoined)
 Keep far aloof, nor read the hallow'd lay.

20

Yet not alone to women do we write,
 The nurse or mother. Subjects such as these
 Oft have the sages old of Greece or Rome
 In studious mood employed ; full well they knew
 That from the birth those heroes must be form'd,
 Whom Athens might with future joy admire
 Or hardy Sparta : Heroes who might urge
 To their sublimest pitch the rights of men,
 Brave every danger for their country's cause,
 And make the Persian tremble, though inclosed
 By countless millions : Heroes who might act
 Deeds which the Gracchi would not blush to own,
 Or Scipio, bravest, noblest of mankind.
 Themes such as these employ'd the generous soul
 Of Locke, when with the patriot spirit fired
 Of Plato or Læcærgus, He assay'd
 The manly task, from custom's harpy claws,
 And the soft lap of luxury, to snatch

30

The

The Babe to enervate idleness foredoom'd, 40
 Or sickly languor ; to connect his mind
 With vigorous organs, its impulsive will
 Apt to perform, and run with ease and strength
 The great and difficult career of life ;
 Desirous to behold our British Youth
 Out-rival ancient fame. Come then ye fires,
 Whom love of offspring, or of country sways !
 You will approve my verse ; the nursery's care
 From you will gain attention. Wisdom's voice,
 And deep philosophy to you have taught 50
 Its consequence, and worth. Oh ! aid the toil
 Of a fond mother, with your reason guide
 Her gentler faculties ; invigorate
 Her virtuous weakness ; to your well-known voice
 She will, she cannot but with pleasure yield,
 And follow precepts sanctified by you.

WHAT aliment the tender babe requires,
 How best sustain'd, the muse proceeds to sing.
 To nature then attend : she hath prepared
 No food but milk alone, and if it flows 60
 In plenteous rills, abundant is the store.

C

Thus

Thus fed, the lamb over the grassy turf
 Sports frolicksome; the patient ox who turns
 Sweltering all day the stubborn glebe, by this
 Nourish'd at first, his present strength acquired.
 And will thy infant cease to thrive, supplied
 With this nepenthe? Rather he will gain
 New vigour every hour, and healthful smile
 Tho sickness scowl around. Yet some there are
 Who fill from morn to noon, from noon to eve, 70
 Nay thro the hours of night, the suffering child
 With various cates, heedless of nature's lore,
 Cruelly kind, unknowing that they thus
 Fatten a victim for the hungry grave.
 For from repletion, every ill severe
 Which threatens childhood, arm'd with keener force,
 Invades the delicate frame. How oft 'twere fit
 The suckling should imbibe the milky stream,
 From the first dawn of morning, till the sun
 Set in the west, experience must evince. 80
 All do not feed alike, some greedily
 Drain at a meal the lacteal beverage,
 Others more nice require the frequent treat.

YET

YET when night spreads her mantle o'er the globe,
 And leads on sleep and silence, it is meet
 To obey her mandate ; rest thy careful head
 O mother, let thy tender nursing rest.

Why wilt thou anxious to thyself create
 Unnecessary pain ? At evening close

Forth from her den starts the fell lioness, 90

And thro the gloomy desert urges on

Eager for prey her rapid step, she leaves

Her sleeping young one, nor expects he food

Till she return with morning's early beam.

Yet this is he, who shall hereafter reign

Lord of the forest, and with kingly voice

Appal his listening subjects. But thy heart

Is soft, and cannot bear thy infant's cries.

Oh ! Heaven forbid that I should with thy breast

Steel'd to his real misery ! But these 100

Are cries which evil custom hath begot,

And blind indulgence ; unalarm'd sustain

A few short trials, bear unmoved the shock

At first ; indulged not, he will fret no more.

Believe me, nor from hunger, nor from pain

These wailings spring. How different is the shriek,

And agonizing groan, from sobs like these,
 Transient, and humorous ! To cloath thy child
 With health some little violence endure :
 Nor to the dictates plain of candid truth 110
 Thy ancient nurse's doating saws prefer.

THE stomach ever full, is ever weak :
 But from refreshing sleep and abstinence
 Digestion thrives, and kindliest nutriment
 The absorbent veins inhale, wherewith the warm
 And plastic arteries by due degrees
 Upbuild the human fabric ; or by which
 Each slender thread and fibre is evolved,
 Gaining mysteriously their destined bulk,
 And firm elastic motion. Robb'd of sleep 120
 The warrior droops his head, and longs no more
 To plunge amid the fight : The rustic faints,
 Vigorous e'erwhile, nor strains his sinewy arms
 Holding the plough, but nerveless and unmann'd
 Presses his homely pallet, sending forth
 Vain wishes to the power who from him flies.
 And can the gentle frame of woman bear
 Constant disturbance and unrest ? Her strength
 Melts

Melts down apace, the bloom forsakes her cheeks,
 A peevish listlessness succeeds, the pines, 130
 And over-sedulous is now unfit
 To fill that office which she most desires.

Would'st Thou thy child to pass the hours of night
 Wrapt in sleep's downy plumage? Banish far
 The lazy cradle, useless but to give
 Relief to the indolent attendant race,
 Who fain would batten in perpetual sloth,
 Who shrink at slightest toil, and ill deserve
 The viands they devour. At first indeed,
 During the circuit of a moon or twain 140
 'Tis fit thy charge should only eat and sleep;
 Nature demands it. Afterward contract
 The hours of sleep by day, and in the embrace
 Of carefulness let exercise divert
 The lively infant; chiefly when his eye
 Now looks around unknowing what he sees,
 Now when he springs, and spreads his little arms,
 And smiles, and utters sounds which strike thine ear
 With wondrous pleasure. Tho we now permit
 Some added food, its quality regard, 150

As of important consequence. We praise
 Above the rest, the farinaceous tribe,
 Bread well-fermented, unadulterate
 With deleterious alum, this with milk
 And with the limpid element decoct.
 Yet always mindful of the golden mean,
 Be even this with moderation used,
 Nor ever glut the stomach till it loathes,
 And the superfluous aliment rejects.
 The wrinkled Sibyl laugh to scorn, and all 160
 Her dreams fallacious, when pronouncing this
 A sign of health. Nature indeed is kind,
 And various her attempts to evacuate
 What would be noxious, and 'tis well thy child
 Hath still sufficing strength. But he, poor babe,
 Had he the sense to guide his appetite,
 Would shun this consequence of mere excess,
 No proof of health, disgusting to the eye.

We blame thee not for yielding to the voice
 Of error ; if beneath the solemn garb 170
 Of old experience hid, and self-convinced,
 Not meaning to deceive, how should thy young
 Untutor'd

Untutor'd mind resist her lore ? But when
 Truth meets thy fight, and pointing shews the way
 To nature's bower, thy blind associate quit,
 Enter the hallow'd shade, converse with her
 Pure nymph, peruse her lineaments divine,
 And to her voice impartial ope thy heart.

It is not strange that prejudice should gain
 Access to thy soft bosom. Who can boast 180
 His freedom ? Wide and potent is her sway.
 No fiend in stronger bonds hath held enslaved
 The groaning nations. In Cimmerian gloom,
 Where light ne'er penetrates, but darkness sits
 In fixt essential majesty enthroned,
 Unconscious sloth, by ignorance compress'd,
 Brought forth this monster. To the haunts of men
 Taking her way, the stars grew pale ; her wings
 She spread incumbent o'er the subject world,
 Nor suffered men to view what slender bounds 190
 Divided them from brutes ; in torpid state
 Plunged deep, they lay supine for many an age,
 Till Ægypt first rebell'd : mother of arts,
 And boasted fount of wisdom. Yet, tho bold

The adventure, ~~she~~ to burst the galling chain
 Strove unsuccessful. Mid the twilight groves
 Of sacred Memphis, on the banks of Nile,
 Prolific, wondrous stream, or round the walls
 Of hundred-gated Thebes, in union close
 With superstition, dwelt the pest abhor'd ; 200
 And underneath her hieroglyphic veil
 Incongruous forms commingled. Nor in Greece
 Reign'd she less absolute ; her sages hence
 Built their fallacious systems, airy shades,
 And phantoms of the brain ; with wordy war
 Fought in defence each of his waking dream,
 And suffer'd truth with Socrates to expire.

How long beneath her power did Europe bend !
 Prompted by her, ambition eagle-wing'd
 Taught ancient Rome amid the lust of sway, 210
 Intent on crimson conquest, to neglect
 Humanity and virtue ; till the pile
 By valour rear'd, fell from it's giddy height,
 Shatter'd within by luxury, without
 Affail'd by savage fierceness. Then what depth
 Of native gloom, of thick-incircling night,
 Witness'd

Witness'd her preference ! Every art was lost,
Each effort of the mind ; or else sunk low
Crouch'd to the yoke ; while o'er the puzzled schools
Exalted, shook his worse than iron rod 220
The tyrant Stagyrte ; and physic awed
By Galen's fullen genius dared not heal.
Each lovelier grace, each elegance unknown,
Each genuine ornament, till taste o'erwhelm'd
With death-like sleep, in Leo's age revived.
Philosophy extinct, till Bacon rose
The morning star of science, by whose beams
Transfixt, as erst the fabled Python fell,
Lay vanquish'd huge authority. Then first
Experiment with radiant lamp disclosed 230
The stores of bigot time, and taught with nice
Laborious hand from each fictitious gem
To separate the true. Hence day by day
The rigid shackles fall self-loos'd, or brace
Mankind less strictly ; we for nature's laws
Read nature only ; wisdom smiles serene,
With freedom blest'd, and fools alone are slaves.

AND

AND say wilt Thou in this enlightened age
 O Mother, single stand, and lend thine ear
 To hoar, and quaint tradition ? Wilt thou treat 240
 Thy Child by their opinion, whose advice
 Thou would'st not follow in one act besides ?
 Judge by thyself. What languor, what fatigue
 Attends the fuller meal ! What dire effects,
 What tumults oft from the crude surfeit rise !
 And why is reason thine, if not with care
 To govern him whose yet unripen'd frame
 Of sense is vacant ? Tho with greater ease,
 His stomach may the superplus expel,
 Than older gluttony ; yet caution dreads 250
 Events unfortunate, the nerves convulsed,
 Fever, and each ill symptom which attends
 The growing teeth. Unskill'd to curb himself,
 His appetite guide thou : So, duly fed,
 Each meal affording what may satisfy,
 Not burthen nature, on thy happy child
 Hygeia shall with eye propitious look.
 His shall be comely vigour, winning smiles,
 Freedom from pain, protection from disease,
 And stamina well-knit to undergo 260

Each

Each future change of ever-varying life,
 Each toil, each danger, nay perhaps a bafe
 On which hereafter may be firmly rear'd
 Each virtue, focial, public, warm, refined,
 Each intellectual, moral excellence.

For tho the child of weaker nerves may feem
 With quickeft parts endow'd, yet fhould he rife
 Thro numerous perils to the height of man,
 Opprefs'd with lifelefs torpor, how can he
 Brave the meridian ray of public life? 270
 Reflecting on himfelf, how fhall his mind
 Expand toward other's feelings? Nay too oft
 Thofe bloffoms immature of fenfe, on which
 We gaze with pleafure and aftonifhment,
 Spontaneous from the blighted ftalk defcend,
 Or yield harfh taftelefs fruit. This ftroke fevere
 Thou fhalt avoid, more rationally kind.
 If form'd by nature delicate, thy love
 Guided by judgment, fhall his ftrength improve;
 At leaft his weaknefs, or the effects it brings, 290
 Shall not proceed from errors of thy own.
 Thou wilt not gorge thy child; and all night long

He

He sleeps serene, an interval of rest,
In which the stomach clear'd of every load
Fortuitous, its healthful state preserves.
He wakes alert, prompted by hunger keen
To imbibe the draught nutritious. Thee too sleep
Hath charm'd with opiate rod ; no froward cries,
No tortures of thy infant, caused by crude,
Unwholesome, or accumulated fare, 290
Have broke thy tranquil slumbers. Thou too see'st
Placid the break of morn, and to thy babe
The well-secreted, copious aliment
Preparest to give ; which, sad anxiety
And restless hours, (in her, who idly fond,
And painfully solicitous, hath watch'd
The night, for other purposes design'd)
Rob of its balmy essence, else derived
Sprightly and plenteous from the genial chyle,
A weak, thin, vapid, unsubstantial juice ; 300
Whence to the tender organs of her babe
A morbid irritation, which destroys
Their natural, and necessary tone,
Till haply dire disease, or death ensues.

Is there a stronger principle infix'd
 In human nature, than the zealous warmth
 A mother toward her infant feels? Yet thin
 Is the barrier dividing right from wrong,
 Virtue from vice. The noblest qualities
 Indulged to excess, a different hue assume, 310
 No longer noble. Courage may be changed
 To brutal force; to prodigality
 The generous sentiment; to licence rude
 Freedom's bright flame; and tender nuptial love
 To mean uxoriousness. What finer joys
 Inspire the soul more exquisitely form'd
 By vulgar minds unheeded! But beware
 Left sensibility itself, uncheck'd,
 Extinguish its delights; left pity bleed
 At every pore, intolerable smart 320
 Enduring; left the foster passion urge
 If unsuccessful, to the wan abode
 Of madness or despair; left taste exact
 Turn to fastidious niceness, coveting
 With vain desire, among the works of men,
 To find perfection. Thou too curb thy zeal
 O Mother, that impulsive ardour rule,

That

That love inordinate, which urges on
 To weakness, and perverts to criminal
 The sweetest, best emotions of thy soul. 330

WHENCE is this nameless energy? this power
 So forcibly attractive? who entwined
 Its subtle threads? and round the willing heart
 Braced firm the cord mysterious? Who, but He?
 The prime intelligence! Who first call'd forth
 From warring Chaos this fair frame of things!
 Who bade each part with animation glow!
 And what he will'd to exist, in order due
 Not of continued, but successive life
 Will'd to preserve. Who taught the winged race 340
 Among impervious shades, with matchless skill,
 To form their nests, and guard their callow brood.
 The natives of the fields, and desert wilds,
 A fit retreat to seek, the rocky cave,
 Thicket, or mountain high. Who gives them all
 A thousand wiles, a thousand stratagems
 Of crafty policy, from hostile force
 To save their young; and to defend them, fills
 Even the most timid with impetuous strength,

And

And sense of powers never felt before. 350
Instinct alone, their tutors and guide;
But instinct and superior reason thine.

Thus while nine moons have known increase and wane
Taught to proceed, the pleasing task of care
Is still unfinish'd, much remains unsung.
Now is the season by experience deem'd
Most meet, an arduous duty to attempt.
Arduous to some; but not to thee, whose mind
Reason enlightens with a clearer ray,
Shewing the bounds between parental love, 360
And its fond foolish mimic. Thou canst look
Beyond the present, no dull slave of sense,
And for a lasting good, most willingly
Endure some transient pain. Thy child long time
Fed by thy vital fluid, now requires
Dismission from the breast. Yet not at once,
As some have taught erroneous; such our frame
That every rash and sudden change may prove
The source of harm. More wise and cautious Thou
Break thro' the tie of habit by degrees; 370
And

And ere the stream maternal be refused,
His taste to different nutriment incline.

BESIDES the increase of food ere while allow'd
What diet do we grant? Some would defer
To years more vigorous, all, that tyrant man,
The universal glutton, from the race
That grazes on the plain, or skims the flood,
Or cleaves with nimble wing the yielding air,
Culls for his use; and would not that the child
Should taste of ought but what the fruitful earth, 380
Plant, herb, or grain produces, with the stream
The lowing kine afford. There are no doubt
Who to the latest stage of life arrive,
Thus always nourish'd. On the shores of Ind
Check'd by religious fears, whole tribes refuse
To bathe their hands in blood, lest thro' the wound
A kindred soul should fly; yet some pass through
A century of years (so fame reports)
By sickness unobdured. Where high ascend
Our Caledonian hills, the hardy north 390
A gallant offspring boasts, whom fate denies
To indulge, except in vegetable meals.

Yet

Yet when their country rouses them to arms,
 Waving her standard to their view, they rush
 Impetuous forth, and terrible in war,
 Dread as the Lion hurt, in every clime
 They fight, they conquer, hearing but their name
 The distant foe grows pale. Yet prone to doubt,
 The sage these fair examples will not trust,
 Implicitly believing. He will judge 400
 Not from a race of men by habit sway'd,
 By custom harden'd, not from every rare
 Occurrence of longevity; or those,
 The Minions of their clan, who seek the fields
 Where rages fell Bellona. He requires
 A strict impartial list, to know if more
 Of these, compared with others, ere the force
 Of potent use hath nature's influence changed,
 Escape unhurt, and reach life's grateful prime
 Active, proportion'd, vigorous. And here, 410
 These distant facts still undetermined left,
 The instructive Muse shall teach from what her eyes
 Have clearly seen; though social, not inclined
 To luxury's various table, though humane,
 No follower of the Samian Sect. Howe'er

D

The

The infant form'd perhaps with stronger nerves,
 Or of peculiar nature, may escape
 The blasting hand of sickness, or may thrive
 On vegetable fare, yet oft we view
 Where poverty more generous food denies, 420
 Tottering Rachitis seize its helpless prey;
 Or slow-consuming Tabes; or within
 His mazy labyrinth, the tortuous worm
 Finding a sure asylum, multiplies
 His noisome produce. Hence the unwieldy head,
 Distended joints, limbs variously incurved.
 Hence the sunk cheek, the hollow lifeless eye:
 Hence loss of balmy sleep, and appetite,
 Convulsive motions, agonizing spasms,
 And symptoms, which, in order to describe, 430
 Had foil'd the Coan Sage. For maugre those
 Who idly speculate, by fancy ruled,
 Or superstition; nature, we assert,
 Form'd us, with mingled diet, herb, root, seed,
 And animal, to gratify our taste,
 Or foster life; a truth, the anatomist
 Plainly demonstrates; nor will reason's mind
 Admit a doubt. The crude or sluggish juice

Which

Which vegetables yield, with toil perspired,
 Weakens the stomach, whose contraction fails, 440
 Not justly stimulated; while the skin
 Its pores block'd up, or e'en its texture changed,
 Is cover'd o'er with incrustations foul,
 Scarcely, if ever, by the absterfive wave
 Of tepid bath removed. But if by fate
 These viands are refused, condemn'd to taste
 Nought but bird, fish, or beast, a putrid mass
 Is gender'd, which pollutes the vital flood,
 And taints each humour, till the general frame
 Dissolves as in a thaw. These truths regard; 450
 By nature heeded, when with care She form'd
 The lacteal fluid; a peculiar mixt,
 Skilfully blended; by digestion due,
 Or in it's winding passage thro the glands
 Animalized, and render'd fit to tame
 The ferment of acidity, to which
 Childhood is prone. Whence we conclude, that now
 When from the breast exiled, as far as art
 Her nicer laws can imitate, 'tis right
 To adapt it's food, and mingle aliment 460

Of alkalescent quality, with that
Which might to incorrigible acid turn.

THIS to prevent, haply the bounteous streams
Of Pales, from each wholesome leaf, each soft
And verdant shoot, secreted, which invest
Grateful, the dewy meadow, tho conceived
Of virtues rare, and the intermediate link
Of animal and vegetable kind,
Will want sufficient power. We fear not then
To bid thee from the herd or flock derive 470
Part of thy infant's sustenance ; but still
With licence circumscribed. As yet the spoon
Retaining, covet not with firmer meats,
To satiate hunger, till the rising teeth
Spring from their latent seeds, and deck the mouth,
Two rows of clearest white, The fibres else,
Impacted, will not to digestion yield,
A harden'd, tough, indomitable mass :
Nor will the salivary glands emit
Their needful liquid. By compulsive fire 480
Rather extract the pure nutritious juice,
Mix'd with the virgin lymph ; with this combine
The

The generous gifts of Ceres; and behold
 The dairy offers it's nectareous store;
 And Carolina sends her pearly grain.

RARE, and more rarely, now thy breast unveil,
 Nor to a distant day protract the time
 Of final separation; he requires
 No farther aid of thine; thee other cares
 Haply demand, thee other duties; go, 490
 Thou wert not form'd for one alone, tho dear;
 Go, blest thy husband with a numerous race,
 Beauteous like this, like this with health adorn'd.

How high the rank in life of Womankind!
 Their station how important! Hapless he
 Who lives unconscious of their worth! The Fool
 Of grosser sense, or airy libertine
 Who draws his judgment from the forward few,
 Or yielding weak, and dares with impious tongue
 Pronounce them all the slaves of vanity, 500
 By passion ever led, by flattery won.
 Their frame like our's, but with ethereal touch
 More delicately limb'd. The same their souls,

More soft, more sensitive, and more refined,

Each uncontaminated Briton owns

And feels their virtues. Polifhers of life !

Sweeteners of savage care ! Who tune the breast

To harmony, or prompt to glorious deeds

And emulative toil. To friendship's flame,

To gratitude, how exquisitely true !

510

Who tender confidence repay with love,

Integrity unshaken, faith most pure,

Warm, zealous loyalty. With honour clad,

As with a robe, and beauteous ornaments

Of unaffected modesty. Well-kill'd

To form the growing soul, and on its young

And opening bud to fix the impression deep

Of every generous thought, which stimulates

The future Man, to love of Parents, Friends,

Offspring, and sacred freedom, while as yet

520

Corruption suffers, in her favourite life

The Goddess to reside. Far hence, away,

Ye groveling sensualists, to Eastern climes !

Where lust, and barbarous jealousy immure

The passive slaves ! What joy can beauty give,

When strays the unfetter'd will ? Or when in calm,

And

And thinking hour, the mind unsatisfied
Contemns the looser objects of desire,
Pining for sympathy? And feels a void,
Which roving licence never can supply? 530
The wanton dance, the soft voluptuous strain
Sung to the melting viol, nought inspires,
But languor and disgust. Mistaken men!
Who lose the better portion of their time,
The dear domestic hour; the converse bland,
Fruition of the soul, love's balmy zest
Which never cloy; parental cares conjoin'd;
Divided griefs; reciprocal delights;
The life of nature, reason, virtue, bliss.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

INFANCY,

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction.—Address to Dr. Cullen.—The diet before-mentioned to be continued for twelve months longer.—The unvitiated taste of children to be consulted.—Error of giving them whatever we like ourselves.—Description of artificial, and more polished life.—Progress from thence to luxury, and all its bad effects.—Particularly the abuses of the table.—Children relish bland and insipid food.—Ill effects of indulging them with wine.—One meal a day of any simple animal food, with vegetables and bread, to be allowed to them.—Pickles, salted meats, and sweetmeats condemned.—The only drink of children should be water.—Praise of that element.—Fruits recommended.—When arrived at the age of four years, the meals of children to be regulated and confined to the common stated times.—Advantages of a child, thus brought up, over others.—Remainder of the subject mentioned.—Thoughts of the Author thereupon.

BOOK

BOOK THE THIRD.

AGAIN from busy care, from thoughts which prey
On the reflecting mind, from the rank walks
Of men, where folly dwells, and base design,
And flattery mean, and servile complaisance,
From the dissembled friend whose hollow heart
Professing service, aims but to deceive,
I seek the muse; whose charms can softly steal
Affliction from itself, whose power can smoothe
The paths of rugged toil, can heal the wound
Of discontent, and calm the throbbing breast
Of indignation. To my theme again
Well-pleased I turn, and view the simple race
Of infant innocence, as yet unwarp'd
By education, blameless nature their's,
And passions undebauch'd, from envy free,
From guile, and that assembled crew of ills
Produced by commerce with a tainted world.

10

And

AND say wilt thou, to whom long since had flow'd
The grateful strain, if apprehensive doubt
Had not shrunk fearful from the public eye, 20
And dreaded lest thy praises should appear
Link'd to our flighted numbers. Say, wilt thou,
CULLEN ! Unrivall'd master of thy art !
Of soul acute, throughout the winding maze
Of every devious system, to pursue
And mark the steps of error ! By whose aid
Edina rears her academic palm !
While to thy precepts listening, gathers round
Attentive youth from each far-distant shore,
And bigot envy droops beneath the ray 30
Of thy superior lustre ! In whose heart
Dwells candour, inmate of the truly great,
And modest diffidence. Whom judgment sage
By long experience taught, directs to fix
The bounds of theory, ne'er own'd a guide
But where observance faithfully severe
Hath ceased to pry ; yet by her labours skill'd,
As with a glance, nicely to separate
What vulgar minds by seeming likenesses caught,
Absurdly blend ; and deem thy conduct rash 40
Till

Till they behold with wonder health array
 Those cheeks in rosy mantle, lately view'd
 As death's pale harbingers. For to thy eye
 Memory her fairest tablet swift presents,
 And method gives that readiness of thought
 By them ascribed to fancy, but which springs
 From painful application. Say wilt thou
 Accept our tributary verse ? Thou wilt.
 For in thy breast the softer graces dwell,
 Nor hath philosophy with stern controul
 Lessen'd the milder virtues of the man ;
 Thine is the liberal breath of friendship, thine
 Compassion's unaffected ardour, thine
 The husband's and the father's tender love,
 And warm benevolence incircling all.

50

At length, from stricter vigilance, the child
 Is freed, O mother, wean'd from thy embrace.
 Yet tho refused thy bosom, still attend
 With guardian mind, still prize our lays, for thee,
 For him, attuned ; sincere, however else
 Wanting due ornament ; nor haply needs
 Important truth the vivid drefs of words,

60

The

The tinsel decorations which the song
 Inferior claims. Nine moons are past, twelve more
 As we have taught, proceed; such thrifty fare
 Is best; thy child's pure nature doth not ask
 Variety of meats. He thrives, He grows,
 His cheeks unfullied bloom, his soul expands,
 Thou seest his smiles, his gay incessant voice
 Refounds; what covets thy fond wish? And now 70
 His strength increased, his more elastic limbs
 By constant motion exercised, his teeth
 Given for utility, not shew, demand
 Food more substantial. Yet, by every grace
 Which doth, or ought to inspire the female breast,
 By holy temperance, by every nice
 Exciting sensibility, but chief
 By that internal sting which goads the soul
 To potent love of offspring, I conjure,
 I charge thee, mother, friend, with strict regard 80
 Consult thy child's unvitiated taste.
 Oh! as thou would'st the invenom'd adder shun,
 Renounce their false opinion, who, seduced
 By ignorance misjudging, think what'er
 Delights their grosser appetites, will please

Will

Will suit his unhabituated lip ;
 And thus unknowing, but with liberal hand,
 Cherish their babes with poison. Wretched race !
 Unconscious criminals ! Murthering thro love
 The hapless beings they would die to save. 90

By social laws estranged from nature's paths,
 We lead an artificial life ; and feel
 Unnumber'd wants, which indolence begets
 On fond imagination. Polisht high,
 The cultivated manners yield no doubt
 Joys of superior kind ; hence speaks the stone
 At sculpture's touch, the breathing canvas lives,
 And poetry and music fire the soul.
 A thousand nameless elegancies mix
 Our jarring minds, and by collision soft 100
 Vanquish their native roughness ; modest love
 Binds her enchanting cestus ; on our steps
 The Graces wait ; we drop the tear humane
 Of sacred pity ; and benevolence
 Tho powerless to relieve, affords a sigh.
 The chaster genius of convivial mirth
 Around our table smiles, and drives far off

Brutal

Brutal ebriety; profusion yields

The place to neatness; and the internal sense

Is caterer to the external. Thus upraised

110

By slow degrees from barbarism obscure

Man gains his elevation. Oh! how blest,

Could ever-roving fancy be content!

But always on the wing she strains her flight

In quest of novelty, Hence every thread

Fine-stretch'd before, must still be finer drawn.

Our polish'd manners turn to frivolous;

The soul of art neglected, we behold

The outward shew; unskill'd to comprehend

The large design, on parts minute, on toys,

120

And splendid colourings we doat; reject

The strain emphatic, curious of the phrase

Uncommon, or sonorous period round;

And music must surprize, not charm the heart.

To elegance succeeds the spurious brood

Of soft voluptuousness. Love, holy love,

The fairest flower life's garden e'er can boast,

Falls to the ground, and changeful wantonness

Rank particolou'd weed springs forth, sure bane

To every virtue. Pity dwindles down

130

To

To mean self-love; and seeming generous,
 We're but the slaves of vanity. We seek
 We covet the protracted meal, and still
 Goad, as it palls, our jaded appetite
 With new incentives. Ransack every clime,
 Commerce the boasted cause, for every rare
 And stimulating condiment, spread o'er
 Our northern boards the spices of the south,
 Adapted to it's habitants, to us
 Noxious, and only fit to gratify 140
 The sense debauch'd which loathes its proper fare.

For by cold gales our muscles firmly braced
 Act with due force: Or else the ethereal stream
 Perhaps condensed, flows stronger from the brain,
 And gives to every limb its healthful tone.
 Not so beneath more torrid heavens, there sink
 The vital powers, to mortal languor doom'd,
 Unless excited by the quickening warmth
 Of aliment more active. What to them
 Nature commands, to us her laws forbid. 150
 And though unconscious of immediate ill,
 At length the stomach, harass'd and o'erworn

E

By

By this licentious diet, fails; the pulse
 Weakly contracts, each nerve decays, old age
 Haftes immaturally on, and round the brow
 Scatters untimely fnows. The softer sex
 Indulging thus, besides the common lot,
 Suffer peculiar accidents, which well
 The skilful muse, if so inclined, could sing.
 E'en accidents which thwart the general law, 160
 Nor to their much-desiring souls allow
 To clasp a child, and bear a mother's name.

BUT whether thou beneath the fordid yoke
 Of luxury wilt not bend, and truly wise,
 Refined, but not enervate, view'ft with joy
 The plain and frugal table, such as erst
 Angels and Patriarchs fought: Or whether warp'd
 By tyrant custom, as we blushing own
 Many there are in these degenerate days,
 Women, the worst of epicures; remove 170
 Far from thy children each high-seasoned dish,
 Each sauce impregnate with the seeds of fire,
 Each spice, and pungent vegetable, none
 Admit, of foreign or of native growth.

SHORT

SHORT is the time stretch'd to its utmost date
 Of man's existence; to contract thy own
 Intent, yet spare thy child; draw not a veil
 O'er the young morn of life: From thee he springs,
 Would'ft thou so quickly trace his setting beam?
 Plunged in death's fable wave ere thou hast run 180
 Thy own brief day? Daughter of fashion! no.
 Though all thy relative affections fade,
 And every soft sensation droops beneath
 The sickly blast of pleasure, tho thou flit'
 On giddy plume and thoughtless, mid the wilds
 Of vanity and folly, we acquit
 Thy devious soul of wilful homicide.
 Read then our moral page, and better taught,
 Know right from wrong, and sense, by action, prove.
 Should'ft thou reject our lays, as who can scan 190
 The deeds of mad caprice? Well-pleased we turn
 From gay saloons, from courts, from haughty wealth;
 And midnight riot, to more gentle scenes,
 Sure of the spotless heart, and its applause.

LEARN from thy child, O parent! He will teach
 Full oft the diet suited to his frame. . . .

View with what marks of loathing, he at first
 Rejects the hot and acrid ; instinct dwells
 Within, a faithful guard ; his rapid pulse
 And native warmth by these are quickly urged 200
 Beyond their bounds. He relishes the bland,
 And to thy taste insipid ; these controul
 Each motion, nor permit his heat to rise
 Above its due degree. Nor less he shuns
 Destructive Bacchus ; why then will his fire
 By frequent repetition strive to o'ercome
 Nature's dislike ? why, but because himself
 Fond of the rosy god, and led astray
 By reverend prejudice, he wholesome deems
 The fever-stirring draught ? Nor wants he names 210
 Of high authority, physicians sage
 To justify his creed. But use destroys
 The benefit he seeks, and if disease
 Should wine's assistance claim, it then may lose
 Its medicinal power. To every word
 Each act attentive, children imitate
 Whate'er they see or hear ; this principle
 Strongly within their little breasts alive,
 Impels them oft to venture hardy war

Against

Against antipathy. Of this beware, 220
 The struggle nicely mark, and point their aim
 To proper objects. Nor because you praise
 The circling glass, and they with many a sip
 Vanquish their feelings, deem that nature prompts
 To what, except more rarely, it abhors.

INDULGE aversion, combat with desire;
 A maxim safe and just; for this, by art
 Misled, may urge to danger, but to abstain
 Will prove at least innocuous. Nor believe 230
 That from ourselves we judge, and interdict
 What our own taste refuses. When the frame
 Is perfect, when the fibres have acquired
 Their utmost growth, more steady are the laws
 Of our corporeal organs, less disturbed,
 To change less subject. Never would I shun
 The friendly intercourse of souls, which wine
 In moderate draughts augments. We know its power
 To cheer the wretch desponding and forlorn
 Upon the sickly couch; to mitigate
 Stern fever's putrid vehemence; excite 240
 The torpid heart, till it propell anew

The languid-circling blood, in every vein
 More strenuously alive; to calm the rage
 Of phrenzy, and imagination's tide
 Vague-shifting to controul, till reason smile.
 Full well we know it's power to raise the strength
 Of drooping age, and in his sluggish limbs
 Awake the latent fire. But childhood needs
 No foreign aid to stimulate the brain.
 Ever with rapid speed from forth that fount 250
 Of heat and motion bursts the nervous stream;
 Each irritable fibre is full-fraught
 Almost to excess, nor asks the least supply.
 Canst thou improve on nature? She this store
 Puts to its proper use; this urges on
 In due proportion each increasing tube,
 Muscle, and bone, and ligament. Canst thou
 Direct her actions? Rather shalt thou find
 To exceed, will cause defect, thy child curtailed
 Of his just size and stature, weak, and wan; 260
 And should he rush hereafter, madly rush
 Amid the intemperate herd, and daily seek
 The noisy rout of Comus, how, too late
 Wilt thou repentant-mourn thy rash exploit,

His

His appetite first led astray by thee,
His early relish of the fervid bowl!

NICE, and perhaps erroneous in their plan,
The younger animals as yielding less
Of due nutrition, and digested flow,
Some disallow. That, food prepared from those 270
Of growth mature, thro the intestinal maze
Less tardily proceeds, we not deny:
More acrid are its juices, doubtless thence
More stimulating; but its fibres hard
Remain, unwrought to chyle. The young are bland,
Composed of humours suited to the young,
Viscous, nutritious, slower in their course.
But as the absorbents greedily imbibe
Whate'er is nutritive, by this delay
They drink their fill, and to the solids add 280
The mild tenacious substance. Yet, not bound
To partial theory, without reserve
We bid thee take thy choice of all the tribes
Which bounteous heaven affords, and common use
Before thee sets, of every age and size.
All but the stall'd, and cramm'd, by filthy sloth

And gluttony, perverted from the state
 Of wholesome nature ; send the mass corrupt
 Of nauseous humours, and of rancid oil
 Far from thy board. In simplest manner dress, 299
 Of these one daily meal we grant thy child,
 But not commixt, his be one dish alone.
 Grudge not with these of vegetable store
 A plenteous portion, nor permit the bread
 To lye untouch'd beside him. Thus indulge
 His appetite, and let him freely eat
 Till hunger be sufficed. This rule observe ;
 All animals which wildly range the earth,
 Or fluid air, and all of vigorous age
 With flesh of darker grain, experience finds 309
 More alkalescent, these the freer use
 Of plants and herbs acescent will demand.
 The tame, the young, and those of whiter hue,
 Require them less. Heed well what we condemn ;
 All things which housewife art with care preserves,
 Acid, or salt, or saccharine : all cates
 Of unfermented flour compos'd, or those
 Of fulsome sweetness, and enrich'd with wine.

THESE

THESE let thy child avoid. And be his drink
 The purest element, with which of old, 310
 Heroes, and champions at the Olympic games,
 Sated their thirst, and glorious deeds perform'd,
 In war, and manly exercise; or he
 The heaven-devoted Nazarene, to whom
 Cords were as threads, when fired with holy zeal
 He burst his bonds, and with his single hand
 Hew'd down opposing armies. Hence each spring,
 And limpid fountain, every stream which flow'd
 Soft-murmuring o'er its pebbled bed, was graced
 By wise antiquity with hallowed forms, 320
 Pure nymphs, and gentle naiads. Well they knew
 The virtues of the crystal wave, e'er vile
 Fermented liquors had enslaved their taste,
 And thinn'd mankind. Pass we the Atlantic seas,
 Where Britain o'er her alien sons now claims
 Disputed sway; a hardy people there
 Inhabited, bold, active, in the chace
 Unequall'd, patient of fatigue, to foes
 Though unrelenting, yet to honour just,
 True to their plighted faith, to strangers kind, 330

Not

Not one of limb deform'd, or trembling nerve
Among them dwelt, and numerous were the tribes.

We did not root them out with savage hand,
And bathe their fields in blood, but to their lips
More slyly proffer'd the Circean charm.
They drank the poison down, and by degrees
Relinquish'd their paternal fields to us.
Rare, scatter'd are their clans, some quite extinct,
Potent of yore, ere the destroying draught
Was introduced. The remnant are corrupt, 340
Perfidious, treacherous; European cups
Have taught them every European vice.
Still flourishing perhaps, had they disdain'd
The snare, contented with the simple streams
Which issue from their rocks. Give then thy child
The blameless fluid, friendly to mankind,
From whence, Hygeia fills her sacred urn,
Nectar of paradise; nor will he gain
Unless debauch'd, a liquor to his taste
More grateful. Nay, would'st thou, if age permit, 350
And strength unbroken, thy example add,
Trust me no other beverage will so well

Affix

Affist digestion, none the spirits cheer,
 Inspire with calm serenity the mind,
 And make the night glide by in tranquil sleep.

BUT lo! where with Vertumnus comes the Nymph
 Prefiding o'er the garden, in her hand
 Waves Amalthea's horn, whence prodigal
 Her freshest store descends. She asks me, why
 This long neglect? And bids me sing her gifts. 360
 Her various fruits, whose juices the warm sun
 By secret fermentation hath matured
 From aqueous, acid, bitter, and austere
 To rich luxurious flavour. Hither lead
 The childish train indulgent, let not fears
 In scanty measure to their taste impart
 The ripe and wholesome banquet. Still while roll
 The summer months along, while heat intense
 Darts through our frame, and stimulates our nerves,
 Till languor each o'erlabour'd thread subdue, 370
 And in each tube the purple current teems
 With seeds of putrid violence, to them
 The summer months innocuous roll along,

Innocuous

Innocuous glows the fervid sky, controul'd
Their baneful influence by Pomona's aid.

For them, unsparing, for we scarce can set
The limits of restriction, pluck thy fruits,
Nature's delicious antidote 'gainst all
The hidden venom of the sultry year,
Mild, cooling, saponaceous, nutritive. 380

For them the blushing berry underneath
Its verdant leaf is hid, for them adorns
Its rough and prickly shrub, for them depends
The clustering currant from its smoother stem.
For them is deck'd each tree. The ruddy peach,
The golden apricot, the cherry, boast
Of Kentish soil, the fragrant nectarine,
The plum, green, purple, azure, the moist pear,
The apple, theme of the Silurian Bard,
In fulness of profusion grow for them. 390

Nor would I when by chance more vigorous suns
Its harshness meliorate, not cull for them
The autumnal grape, nor to their lips forbid
The well-rear'd melon, nor the Ananas' rich
And poignant crispness. They are form'd for all,

And

And all for them. More cautiously supply
 Whate'er by rough and bitter husk and shell
 Is circumscribed, and all the hoard which asks
 The mellowing hand of age. Or those we gain
 From climes far-distant, ere they have acquired 400
 Their just perfection gather'd; shaddock crude,
 Pomegranate, orange. Let Hesperia's Sons,
 Let the Antillean Planter, or the tribes
 Of fertile Asia, gratify their taste
 With all the unlabour'd bounty of their soil;
 Yet is not our's ungrateful; industry
 Here cloaths our fields, our gardens, and our groves,
 With plenty all its own; Pomona smiles;
 For cultivation oft bestows a zest,
 Which wild exuberant nature would deny. 410

Ere yet we close the strain, one error more
 The muse will combat. Tenderness may prompt
 Whene'er thy child shall ask thee, to bestow
 The needless viand. In his younger days
 We bound thee not to rules. But now when o'er
 His head four annual suns have roll'd, advise
 That he be taught submission to the laws

Of social life, which stated hours appoints
For action, and repast. Nor heed the voice
Of ignorance, which talks of exercise, 420
And quick digestion. Often well we know
The vicious taste of idle wantonness
Demands restraint. But left to thee it seem
As real hunger, from the coarser loaf,
A pure, tho homely nutriment, supply
His craving; thus, with certainty detect
Fictitious appetite. His other meals
Yet undirected, both at morn and eve,
Be fresh-drawn broths, and milk in various forms
With rice, or other farinaceous grain. 430
Inspissated. We would not stint thy child.
And know his growth requires a constant flux
Of plastic fluids; nay, 'tis best to err,
If err, in quantity; the flexible tubes
Of children, will perhaps with ease transpire.
What is redundant. But with heed observe:
Add thy discretion to the muse's lore:
And reason, and experience be thy guides.

Now

Now duly taught by thy maternal care,
 O never may he turn his vagrant steps 440
 Aside, to dwell mid the polluted tents
 Of bestial luxury ! We would not wish
 A stoical indifference, to fly
 Forever those delights which sway mankind,
 The exhilarating bowl, which opens the heart ;
 And festive banquet, where preside the powers
 Of wit and decent mirth ; but may he live,
 Born for society, no hermit frow,
 Or driveling moralist, absurdly grave,
 And singularly dull. Temperate by choice, 450
 But not austere abstinent. By thee
 Is the foundation in his primal years
 Firm laid, by which he need not sacrifice
 To rigid niceness ; but with health his friend,
 Will not start back from every little change,
 Which weaker habits must with caution shun,
 Or cannot with impunity indulge.
 Thine is the work, and gratitude shall then
 Repay the debt, the filial debt he owes.
 Then shalt thou feel, tho strong the instinctive tie 460
 Of blind affection, what sublimer joys

Reason

Reason affords, the generous mutual bond,
Thy tender love, his tribute of the soul.

Thus far the Muse Didactic hath essay'd
Her purposed theme, scattering before the steps
Of truth and science, o'er their toilsome paths
The not unfrequent flower; the sweets which bloom
On those delicious banks forever green,
Fed by translucent rills, which murmuring sweep
O'er sands of gold; where fancy loveliest nymph 470
Delighted strays, or with the sylvan powers,
Dryads, and fauns, disporting, joins the dance,
And sings her wildest note; or silent stands,
Her roving eye, her giddy step enthral'd,
Attentive to Minerva's heavenly voice,
Enamour'd of her wisdom; and from her
Receives the potent wand by judgment form'd,
And waves it o'er her works, which thence remain
Unfading and immortal. Rest not here
O Virgin, still be infant man thy theme; 480
And what of cloathing, what of exercise
He needs, relate: nor his diseases scorn
With hand benign to paint, and teach the cure.

THEO

Thou wilt not, if the sharp inclement air
 Of cold neglect freeze not thy vital warmth,
 And in the cave of solitude fast bind
 Thy wings aspiring, which shall shed their plumes
 Of varied die, or fold thee ever round
 In sullen indignation. Rather far
 From thee be thoughts like these ! Stoop not thy soul 490
 To fears of vulgar nature ; high above
 This fordid earth direct thy piercing eye,
 And view where rear'd beyond the gulph of death
 Stands fame's refulgent dome, to living wight
 Aye inaccessible. Still, as of yore
 Thou fought'st the Ascrean, or the Mantuan bard,
 Thy visions spread before my raptured fight,
 And soothe my ear with those celestial strains,
 Which on Olympus' lofty top reclined,
 Charm Jove himself : while virtue, reason, truth, 500
 Humanity, and love, each sound applaud,
 And bless the unprostituted lyre. Oh ! hail
 Ye pure, ethereal bards, who nobly sloop'd
 To teach mankind ! who round the flowing locks
 Of fancy, cast the sacred wreath, inwove
 By the fair fingers of utility,

F

Which

Which scorns caprice, and whim, amusive toys,
 And trifles vain, the unprofitable gawds
 Which catch the light and airy mind of youth,
 Or vacant pleasure ! Hail again ye bards ! 510.
 Nor only ye of Greece and Rome, who first
 Stole from the croud profane my chafened thoughts,
 And as I gazed upon your page, inspired
 The holy frenzy of ambitious love,
 Aiming with ardent, but successless toil,
 To emulate your beauties ! Ye too hail
 Ye sons of Britain ! Masters of the song !
 Thou AKENSIDE, late wept by every muse,
 Whose skilful hand unlock'd the secret source :
 Of mental pleasure, founded in the new, 520.
 The graceful, and sublime ! Nor blind to worth,
 Tho still upon this wave-worn shore it stand
 Of troublous life, by envy's blasts assail'd,
 Be thou ungreeted, ARMSTRONG, in my verse,
 Thou Parent of the prophylactic lay !
 Nor MASON, thou, whose polish'd taste instructs
 To form the English garden, mingling art,
 With rural wildness, and simplicity !
 Nor BEATTIE, friend of truth, whose gothic harp

As

As if from magic touch, emits such tones, 530
 That e'en Apollo might his lyre forget,
 And wonder at the harmony ; while pleas'd,
 In Edwin's ripening genius, we behold
 The progress of thy own ! Hail too ye friends
 Of nature, and the muse, of soul refined,
 Of judgment unimpair'd, by slavish art
 Unmanac'd, who, feeling, dare confess
 The pleasure which ye feel ! who, mid the scenes
 Of calm retirement, from the genuine cup
 Nectareous, virtue-crown'd, drink true delight ! 540
 While the mad riotous crew at distance heard,
 Disturb not your pure ears, nor ought inspire
 But pity and contempt ? To you alone
 These bards have sung, to you alone I sing.

O LET me mingle with the hallowed band,
 By you exalted ! Let me scorn with you,
 The base, luxurious, dissipated great ;
 Who to the yoke of every foreign vice
 Bow down the neck disgraceful, and retain
 Only the name of Britons. Strangers they 550
 To every wish, each thought of nobler kind,

Absorb'd in selfish joys, of public good,
 Of private virtue, heedless. Skill'd to game,
 To waste their trifling hours beneath the shade
 Of indolence, to steer the fragile bark
 O'er the smooth wave of folly. They applaud
 What taste condemns ; their highest excellence,
 To deck with richest offerings the vain shrine
 Of those musicians, who distort the most
 The native elegance, and most pollute 560
 Each charm of melody ; or those who urge
 The human voice divine to heights which well
 Madness might emulate : While JACKSON'S strains,
 Breathing in every note the soul of love,
 Of passion, feeling, sense, and sentiment,
 Flow unrewarded ; save that nature stands
 Listening, and drinks in every thrilling sound.
 Delicious, but unprofitable meed
 Of elevated genius ! Fond of shew,
 Of pompous scenes, of barren novelties, 570
 Of tortured incidents, and poor finesse,
 Filch'd from the Gallic, or Italian stage,
 They relish not, while they pretend to admire
 Our Shakespeare's matchless energy. The voice
Of

Of wisdom they despise ; the sacred lyre
 They trample in the dust ; a catch, a glee,
 A song obscene, a libel, which destroys
 Some good man's peace of mind, and blasts his fame,
 Strikes their weak souls with rapture. Wedded love
 They flout to scorn ; posterity with them 580
 Is lighter than a shade ; a rapid whirl
 Of vice fantastic hurries on their lives ;
 And e'en the flatterer, whom they feed, would blush
 To praise their memory. Is this the race,
 O Britain, nurse sublime of heroes old,
 Of patriots, sages, who thy state have raised
 To its all-envied height ! Is this the race
 Defined to guide thy counsels ? form thy laws ?
 Crowd thy once-awful senate ? Against these,
 Must public spirit idly strain the nerve ? 590
 To these, must worth, and modest merit yield ?
 The reptile spawn of insignificance,
 Corruption-foster'd ? Then farewell to all
 Thy boasted glories ! Stile thyself no more
 The Queen of nations ; levell'd with the mean
 And undistinguish'd kingdoms of the earth.
 Thou hast been free ! The Æra will arrive ;

Thou shalt be free no more ! O'er folly, vice,
 Aristocratic faction shall usurp,
 Or bold, and enterprising monarchy 600
 With justice claim dominion. 'Tis most fit.
 Amid the extensive records of mankind,
 It ne'er was found that freedom could survive
 Where honour dwelt not ; where with careless eye,
 Or, but intent on pleasure, luxury sat
 And view'd her chain, unmoved ; where love of fame,
 Where the keen hopes of future praise, - no more
 Awoke the generous deed, the grateful praise,
 Paid by posterity to liberal souls,
 Who plan the good of ages. Yet, at once 610
 Quit not this isle O virtue ! In the scenes,
 The lower scenes of action, linger still.
 Far from the plague-struck capital, inspire
 The honest individual ; in his soul
 Cherish the warm affections ; let him feel
 The joys of unpolluted love, and think
 His offspring worth his care ! Still may'st thou walk
 On Ifca's banks, where thro the blooming vale
 Its lucid stream meanders, and receive
 The orisons, which there thy votaries pour 620

From

From ~~hearts~~ unconscious of deceit, untaught
 The false refinements of superior life!
 Blest by the muse, in nuptial friendship blest,
 Forbid the external sight of things, within
 Illumed by goodness, and the beams serene
 Which taste, which wisdom, and contentment shed,
 May BLACKLOCK still enfold thee ! May 'st Thou dwell
 From pride far distant, from the tyrant 'Tway,
 And noon-tide glare of vanity, with him,
 And his compatriots ! Drop the expressive tear 630
 O'er GREGORYS' tomb ; in whom alive, combined
 All, that the sapient head, or feeling heart,
 Proclaim ; and admiration, and esteem,
 And reverence, move ! Then cast thy eyes around,
 And own thou ne'er beheld'st a foil more pure !
 A foil, where manly parts, and sense acute
 Spontaneous rise, and every female grace
 Adorns with innocence and chaste reserve
 The matron's bosom. Spite of southern pride,
 The rancorous lye, or partial ridicule, 640
 Its sons and daughters perfect in their kind.
 In bravery, worth unquestion'd, strength of soul,
 In modest tenderness, domestic charms,

Tho equall'd, ne'er surpass. Thus may'ft thou still
Preserve a few from the contagious air
Which luxury breathes ! A remnant whence to learn
What Britons erst have been ! Preserve them Heaven !
And when they cast the page of flattery by,
Let them with kindred warmth these notes approve,
And say, the strains are our's, for us attuned, 650
And for the sake of children yet unborn.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

INFANCY,

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DIDACTIC POEM.

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BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction.—Address to Mr. Codrington.—Subject of the book proposed, viz. cloathing, heat, and cold.—Nature still to be attended to.—Infants not so susceptible of cold as is generally imagined.—Other causes occasioning their first cries.—Might bear even severity of cold tho naked.—Their cloathing to be light and perfectly easy.—Animadversion on different treatment of them, not so necessary now, as when swatbing was more in use.—Description of that custom, and its ill effects.—Daughters were confined still longer.—The unnatural attempt to procure them what was called a fine shape, ridiculed.—No part of the body to be loaded.—The head, the legs, and feet to be uncovered.—Cleanliness insisted on.—Regard due to good servants, and nurses.—Excess of heat to be avoided, whether communicated by contact, or by weight of bed-cloaths.—Communicated warmth when particularly useful.—Cold Bath recommended.—Apostrophe to the Springs, Rivers, &c.

BOOK

BOOK THE FOURTH.

SWEET is the breath of fame, and o'er the soul
Of youth, on fancy's pinions wafted back,
The daring visitor of times unknown,
And future ages, like a spicy breeze
Steals her delicious fragrance; like a breeze
From Zeylon or Sumatra, which enchants
The sailor's heart, tho night involves the coast,
And hides its lovely foliage from his view:
While in his mind he sees the blooming groves,
And haply thinks them fairer than they are. 10

SWEET o'er my bosom stole the breath of fame
In early life, on fancy's pinions borne;
The ideal prospects rose supremely fair,
And in extatic vision I beheld
Perennial bays distinguishing my tomb.
For not unuseful, or of light import

The

The strains I sung. And tho mid glades obscure
 Dwelt the sequester'd muse, from riot far,
 From pomp imperious, and the lordly board
 Begirt with servile flatterers, yet her breast 20
 By human kindness sway'd, where'er had pierced
 The British language, manners, arts, and arms,
 Revered the good; and base-born envy dead,
 Or vanquish'd, or engaged with living worth,
 Exulted in the esteem of times to come,
 And virtue's mutual friendship unreserved.
 In distant continents, where horrid war
 Now stains with brother's blood the guilty foil,
 In distant islands, mid their nodding palms,
 And growing sweets, her eyes survey'd with joy 30
 The willing parent bending o'er her lay.

DEAR to the youthful mind, ye prospects hail!
 Ye visions wide-removed! for deep Ye thrill'd,
 Fixing, as real, all your traces there.
 And, if illusive all, yet riper age
 Can scarce believe the flattering scenes untrue,
 Or cease the vivid colours to behold
 Bright glowing thro the shadowy lapse of years.

MEANWHILE,

MEANWHILE, O CODRINGTON! whose generous heart
 Blames not the tenor of my partial song; 40
 By whom uncensured flows the self-applause.
 Whose temper, mild as an autumnal sky,
 No cloud obscures; with feelings warm, yet ruled
 By cautious judgment, in whose breast resides
 Friendship's pure heaven-descended flame; alive
 To all a parent's fondest love; yet both
 Under superior reason's nice controul
 Directed to their truest end and use!
 For thee, and such as thee, an audience small,
 In space and number circumscribed, by wealth, 50
 By rank and titles undebased, again
 I venture the Pierian spring to seek,
 And tread on sacred ground. How difficult
 Where, thro the laurel-groves, and myrtle shades,
 The verdant alleys, lawns, and rising slopes,
 Thick strewn with flowers of every various hue,
 Of every various season, elegance,
 Coy nymph, unsated wanders, on each scene
 With curious eye commenting, from the sweets,
 The never-fading blooms, each virid arch, 60
 Selecting meetest garlands, to suspend

Upon

Upon the tree of taste, most eminent
 In the poetic region, underneath
 Whose fragrant shelter, Phœbus and the Nine
 In chorus met, attune their happier strains
 Of rarest harmony: How difficult,
 By health and youth attended, to pursue
 The bashful maid, attract her favouring eye,
 And woo her to bestow a single wreath !

CAN I then hope, whom sickness long hath drench'd 70
 In her Lethæan dews, with feeble limbs,
 And wan complexion, from her hands to bear
 Those gifts, which unpossess'd, my lays must creep
 Dully monotonous, nor touch the heart,
 Nor win the approving mind ? Yes witness thou !
 Witness my friend ! Who know'st the human frame,
 Each drug of cordial, each of healing power,
 To me in vain administer'd, what toil
 I must experience now, the nymph to trace
 Through her meand'ring walks ! what partial chance 80
 Should she my languid homage not disdain !

Yet

Yet, thy inciting voice, the conscious thought
 Sprung from the love of kind, which tells me all
 Will not be frustrate, nor the darling wish
 Of public good be wholly unfulfill'd;
 Some loitering rays of that once brighter flame
 My soul enkindling, prompt me to a task
 Long interrupted: Where in slumbers deep
 It rests, to awaken the Didactic Lyre;
 With its more solemn notes to mingle tones
 (So they to memory fail not to recur)
 Oft heard of yore, as toward the lucid fount
 I stole, not unforbidden; tones which please
 Heighten'd the more by contrast, and engage
 Amuse the charm'd ear, till it imbibe
 Instruction with delight, till melody
 Not the chief object seem, its liquid voice
 Yielding to reason's energy divine.

99

Of cloathing now, of heat, and cold we sing,
 Unanimating themes; but which require
 The attention of the bard, as not of use
 Inferior to the subjects which erewhile

100

He

He firove to adorn ; nor claiming notice leſs
From the true boſom of parental love.

STILL heed we nature, and her guiding ſteps
Purſue ; nor, tho with moans, and plaintive cries
From his concealment iſſues to the light
Man's tender progeny, believe, he feels
The external air his undefended frame
Keenly invade. Theſe moans, theſe cries proceed 110
From other cauſes. To his lungs at once,
Expanding their nice ſubſtance, ruſhes in
The forceful air. The circulating blood
Alters its courſe, thro channels uneffay'd
Impell'd, whoſe firſt reſiſtance haply claim
Exertions of the labouring heart, quick, ſtrong,
If not convulſive, yet irregular.
Exertions of the lungs themſelves, to gain
Their neceſſary powers, and genial ſpring.
Add too that oft each muſcle, every limb 120
Strain'd and compreſt, ſcarce bears the gentleſt touch,
Sore from the late hard conflict undergone,
And agonies maternal. But to cold,
Know, he is born impaſſive ; or at leaſt

With

With vital warmth supplied, to render vain
 Its most severe assault ; beyond the scale
 Of heat which stimulates maturer age.

His needs not art's assistant hand, or dress
 Of studied care. Uncloath'd, in wilder climes,
 Like the more hardy natives of the soil, 130
 E'en in the polar regions, he might brave
 The freezing atmosphere. Nay, unwithheld
 By dubious fears, tho placed indeed beneath
 More favouring skies, there are, who from his birth
 Plunge the infant stranger in the gelid wave,
 Where unappall'd the mother too enjoys
 The bath's refreshing coolness. But, nor harsh,
 Nor fanciful, we shall not recommend
 To thee, more delicate in form and mind,
 Daughter of Britain, these examples, drawn 140
 From savage nations, and from tribes remote.
 Cloath'd be thy child ; so polish'd custom wills,
 And decent manners : but in airy garb,
 Loose, and uncinctured. Thus he shall avoid
 The torment of accumulated heat,
 Nor from unnatural coercion feel

G

Distress

Distress and anguish. With minuter rules
 To croud the page, and dull, or quaint, describe
 His vesture, what materials should compose
 Each article, and whether by the loop, 150
 Or pin restrain'd, tho' as the last may bring
 Danger, nay death, the caution which forbids
 Its use, above the trivial-seeming cause
 Important rises, descants such as these,
 Prolixly mean, would argue in the muse.
 Failure of judgment, no respect to Thee.
 Suffice the general maxim; to dilate,
 And to the test each consequence reduce,
 Be thine. Bright glows the warm maternal soul,
 And clear, illumined by a hint alone. 160

Nor flows with that necessity the strain,
 As erst it might, when barbarous hands around
 The new-born Babe fold over fold inwreath'd
 The circling band. Amid the wanton gales
 Which luxury breathes, amid the changeful swarms
 Which fashion decks in herameleon hues,
 Amid the increasing follies of our age,
 And vices not perhaps destructive less

Than

Than those of old, the softer, milder far,
 Link'd with humanity, and taught to charm, 170
 To poison by politeness; justice owns,
 While the rough virtues of our ancestors
 And manly genius we no more behold:
 Our souls revolt from habits which enslaved
 Unamiable their minds, and from the sway
 Of prejudice, whose galling shackles long
 Their vigorous faculties controul'd. This truth
 Justice confesses, this, the instructive muse.

GLADLY, O mother! We congratulate
 Thy infant, who from life's first dawn enjoys
 His birth-right, who the vital air at will 180
 Inhales, nor feels corporeal bonds. With me
 Revert thine eyes, and lo! their hapless sons,
 How braced and pinion'd, who to extend the reign
 Of civil liberty, with ardour toil'd,
 Who fought, who bled to extend it. Nor escaped
 The race preceding ours. See, where they lie,
 True objects of compassion! round them close
 Is fixt the painful bandage, not a limb
 Can move; sad victims to the erroneous creed
 G 2 Which

Which holds that nature incompletely acts 190
 And forms defective works, that art may give
 The strength by her refused, and perfect thus
 The unfinished system, gasping they recline
 In real martyrdom. The shriek is heard,
 The groan, the sob expressive, but in vain.
 In vain the little captive, as awhile
 Released from durance, utters sounds of joy,
 Stretches his arms well-pleased, and smiles, and casts
 His looks delighted on the cheerful blaze,
 Or waving taper. To his fetters soon 200
 Remanded, he in vain attempts to cope
 With arbitrary power, each effort tries,
 Shews by each deed the abhorrence which he feels,
 Adding the emphatic eloquence of tears,
 Of inarticulate, but deep distress,
 And struggles all-impassion'd to be free.

With pity and contempt thy soul beholds
 This picture. What calamities ensued,
 Experience proved; but idiot bigotry
 Confess'd them not. The evolving principle 210
 Within, the plastic juice augmenting size,

Thus

Thus partially impeded, could not urge
 The destined fibres onward, or enlarge
 By due accretion e'en the vital cells
 Requiring speediest growth! Yet active still,
 In disproportion'd manner, to the head
 Unseemly bulk they added, on the joints
 Distended, and relax'd: Or off from pain
 Shrinking, the child, unconscious but of ease,
 Curv'd by forced attitudes the feeble bones;
 Nay the all-supporting spine: The obstructed breath,
 The fluids in their circulating course
 Unnaturally check'd; the irriguous glands;
 The fount whence motion, and sensation spring,
 And future intellect, the brain itself,
 Disturbed, or with more lasting injury
 Impress'd, exclaim'd at this preposterous war,
 The war which Step-dame art with nature waged.

CALL'D by society to tread the paths
 Of busy life, from its hard slavery soon
 The stronger sex was freed; and ere too late,
 Haply by nature's potent air restored,
 Could boast a frame of vigour unimpair'd,

And undeformed. But to long sufferings doom'd,
 The female race, so will'd perverted taste,
 For many a year pined underneath the force
 Of this domestic torture! Far as erst
 The mother strove to assist their infant nerves,
 And give to weakness strength: She now assay'd
 Her progeny to embellish, and their shape
 To mould, as fann'd beauty in her eye
 Deceptive shone. Heaven! that the human mind
 Warp'd by imagination, should believe,
 Or e'en suggest it possible, the form,
 Whose archetype the Deity himself
 Created in his image, could be changed
 From it's divine proportion, and receive
 By alteration, comeliness and grace!
 That round the zone which awkwardly reduced
 E'en to an insect ligament the waist,
 The blooming loves should sport, enticing charms,
 And young attractions! Heaven! that e'er a bard,
 (The genuine bard is nature's sacred priest)
 Forgetful of his charge, should deck with praise
 As fair and lovely, what would strike the soul
 Unwarp'd by custom, as a subject fit

For

For scorn, indignant spleen, or ridicule.

Yet Prior! tho' nor taste nor reason blend

Their essence with the verse, while lasts the tongue

Thy numbers help'd to polish, while the powers 260

Of melody bear sway, the verse shall live,

Beauteous description of a gothic shape.

Oh! may the manners of thy nut-brown maid;

Her artless truth, simplicity of soul,

Her fondness, and intrepid constancy,

Long in the bosoms of the British fair,

Tho' banish'd every other region, dwell,

Delighted inmates! May their eyes still beam

With all her speaking rays, their cheeks endure

Her modest crimson! But may never more 270

"The boddice aptly laced" their panting hearts

Confine, or mutilate that symmetry

Of limb and figure, whence a Zeuxis' hand

His all-accomplish'd Helen might have form'd,

Or a Praxiteles with happiest art

Sculptured a Venus. Tho' meridian day

Behold them dress'd as potent fashion bids,

Girt with exterior ornaments uncouth,

Trappings disgusting ; yet at morn, or eve,
 Or when they to the genial bed repair, 280
 Still may they charm the melting eye of love
 With elegance and grace, the fabled dames
 Of classic soil transcending, native grace,
 And elegance unveil'd, which mocks attire.

RETURN digressive muse! to approach the shore
 Of Cyprus, or to breathe the tepid gales
 From Achedivias' island wafted sound
 Is not thy choice ; tho CAMOENS' shade invite,
 And MICKLE with his glowing spirit fraught,
 As each heroic, so each scene of joy 290
 Paint with a master's fire unlimited
 By cold translation. Never may our strain
 One vague idea rise, which spotless minds
 May blush to own, much less insult the glance
 Of virgin purity, or harshly wound
 The conjugal and chaste maternal ear.

DIGRESSIVE muse return! our proper theme
 Is man's first helpless state, our tuneful aid
 The ingenuous parent claims. Resolved to bless

Thy

Thy child with ease and freedom, taught to shun 300

By the dire act of swathing, all constraint . . .

So baneful, let no part escape thy care.

Nor load the head ; not till he walk abroad,

At least till firmly he can press the ground,

Cover the legs or feet. Some precepts here

To cloathing unattached, or slightly link'd,

We mean to inculcate. Need I then to thee,

Q mother, whom the soul refined alone,

Can prompt to inspect my numbers, recommend

The Virtues' dear correlative, (as they 310

The mental frame, to the corporeal, she

Adorning, rendering pure) the decent maid,

Unfurl'd cleanliness, with her full oft

Thy charge to visit ? Not that to her shrine

E'en from thy tender years thou hast not paid

Sincere worship. But my words believe,

Strict watchfulness the menial train require,

And if, unheedful to their trust, they slight

The grave rebuke, dismiss them from thy doors.

Not their's the nicer sense inspiring thee, 320

Those principles and habits now intertwined

In union with thy nature. Nor is their's

The

The babe, who smarting from their sloth, with nerves
 Keenly alive, by the corrosive sting
 Of acrimony pierced, tormented shrieks,
 Or moans incessant. Neither scorn as vain,
 The dictates which succeed, from reason learn'd.

BANISH the softer couch ; let not thy child
 Recline on down ; his pliant bones but now
 From cartilage emerging, on the bed
 Which yields beneath his weight may haply gain,
 Thus frequently recumbent, a deformed
 And twisted aspect, by chirurgic skill
 For ever irremediable. Nor less
 Such accident to avoid, with cautious eye
 The attendant mark, who bears him in her arms,
 And let her oft his posture shift, oft change
 From right to left, altern. A carelefs tribe,
 Purchas'd by interest only, is the race
 To servitude accustomed ; trust not them.
 Trust thy own judgment, let thy ruling mind
 Govern each act of their's. Yet neither here,
 Nor elsewhere, mean we in a general blame
 To involve them all. Some from attachment serve,

And

And to constrictive duty add the tie
 Of willing love. Such as a treasure prize.
 A countless treasure. Say, by one of these
 Is thy child foster'd? smoothe for her the brow,
 The tone of high command; let all her days
 Roll on illumed by kindness and esteem; 350
 Think her thy fellow labourer and thy friend;
 Alleviate every future ill of life,
 And, if thou can'st, remove them. Ne'er may she
 Who with maternal prudence, and the warmth
 Of zeal affectionate, hath lent her aid
 To form thy children, to support, to raise
 From perilous estate to strength and health,
 Feel the distressful sting of poverty,
 Or, if the means are not withheld, in thee
 Want a protector. But, if more than this, 360
 Her bosom hath the nutriment supplied
 Which thine refused, still more may she demand,
 And thou in justice grant the liberal boon.

AND Oh! Ingenuous Youth! whose blood now flushes
 With yet unsatiated desire, quick beats
 In every pulse, to mix in active life

Intent

Intent, or climb where science points the way,
 Oh Virgin! Who with beauty deckt, and gay;
 In unperverted innocence, around
 Survey'st thy homagers, yet covetest
 One faithful heart alone. | Oh! recollect
 Her assiduity, her diligence,
 And tender care, to which thou owest the frame
 Able to cope with business, or sustain
 The toil, which knowledge asks, to gather in
 Her wide-spread harvest. That attentive zeal
 To which thou owest the comeliness of shape,
 Those beauties which from every eye attract
 The applausive glance, and every breast inspire
 With love or admiration. Recollect
 Not frigidly, or faintly, like the crew
 Who every pleasure centre in themselves,
 Not with weak indecisive apathy,
 But with a bounteous and expanded soul,
 Estranged from self, replete with gratitude.

BECAUSE the winged nations fondly brood
 Over their unfledg'd young; because we view
 Where'er reclined, her new-born offspring press

Close

Close to the parent quadruped; because
 By instinct irresistible impell'd 390
 The mother longs to embrace her infant charge,
 And hide it in her bosom; while thro' wilds,
 Or o'er the desert mountain as she roves,
 The savage still her clinging babe sustains:
 Some, this communicated warmth affirm
 Is needful; and that man's elfe-drooping race
 Requires the genial contact: Mindless they,
 How far from nature's simpleness diverge
 Our steps, our every action. Were the child
 Unclad by day, unshelter'd thro' the night, 400
 We should not hesitate to recommend
 What otherwise we smile at, or perchance
 Hold but of dubious consequence. Our lays
 Have taught what cold his system can repell
 First into light immerging: And if cloath'd
 As custom bids, he from himself will gain
 This added warmth, condensed, and on himself
 Recoiling. Better thus, than haply funk
 Beneath the load which our nocturnal rest
 Demands, to feel the intense phlogistic heat 410
 Of temporary fever, or to melt

In

In copious steam away. Much better thus,
 Than by the mother or the nurse oppress'd
 In heavy sleep, to frustrate all the schemes
 Parental love had formed; or placed within
 Some ancient hireling's bed, instead of warmth
 From generous blood, and balmy breath supplied,
 To warm the shrivell'd dotard. But, if laid
 From thee remote, or in the couch with thine
 Conjoin'd, why should'st thou not examine well 420
 And frequently his lodgment? so inform'd,
 Thou can'st not fail, O mother! to perceive
 What suits his constitution, what to add,
 What to subtract; doubtless thy native sense
 Beyond my strains will teach thee, that when rules
 Fierce Sirius, lighter vestments will suffice,
 Than when Aquarius opens his full-fraught urn,
 And winter arm'd with piercing frost, defies
 The unwarlike sun. Thy prudent soul will know
 His limbs in health, blest with the temperate mean, 430
 Nor heat nor cold betray. Yet truth forbids
 To slight exceptions which are often found
 Eluding justest rules. Should some disease
 Attack the child, and anguish writhe his frame,

To

To shivering pain thy near approach may give
 Solace and ease, nay, as it were, foment,
 Assuage, and lull the smart; or should he pine
 With more than common weakness, from his birth
 Afflicted, blasted, or untimely born
 With nerves imperfect, as the exotic flower
 Thrives not, but when included from the winds,
 Its fibres by the sun's concentr'd rays
 Are duly irritated, he may want
 Thy vital stimulating heat. But soon
 E'en then attempt increase of strength to give
 By other means; and seek at first the bath
 Of moderate temperature; by slow degrees
 Preceding, till his habit can support
 The powerful shock which colder lymph imparts.

But so diffusive is the tyrant reign
 Of fashion; such our table's proud excess;
 Such is our love of cards, time's murderers,
 Keen agitators of the gentlest breasts,
 (Which ought to be the gentlest,) such those hours,
 Those midnight hours, corrodent of the bloom
 Which else would decorate the female cheek,

And

And animate the lips which now are pale :
 Such the destructive arts, when beauty fades,
 Its meretricious semblance to display ;
 The lifeless white, and never-varying blush ; 460
 Detected by the curious eye, which hates
 The fraud, and painted Cytheræa frown :
 Such are our matrons, such, except the few,
 Who nobly singular, behold, and smile
 At folly's deeds absurd, that all who spring
 From them, may well partake the feeble nerve,
 And vapid blood, in which more faintly glows
 The living principle ; and what for some
 We erst prescribed, we now prescribe to all,
 To all their children ; neither do we think 470
 Even to them the song may flow in vain ;
 For should caprice applaud, who oft usurps
 The throne of sense, and guides the public taste,
 In her wild fit round merit's brow the wreath
 Intwining, which for folly she design'd,
 They too may cast a glance across the page
 Which fashion bids them read. Know then ye fair,
 Whom tho my heart approves not, I behold
 With truest pity ; know, the unhappy babes
 Whom

Whom you have toil'd unceasing to produce 480

Fragile and delicate, a word of your's

Perhaps may rescue from impending fate.

Oh! issue your commands! great is the power

Of cold: yourselves no doubt have often fought

In fervid summer its benign effects

In the salt deep, whence braced you might endure

The winter's hard campaign. And hence new tone

Your offspring shall derive, their stamina

In some degree corrected, while the force

Of nervous influence more intensely thrills 490

The arterial frame, and the lax muscle swells.

YE Frigid Springs! wherever first appear

Your bubbling sources, underneath the grot,

Or pendent shade. Ye ever-living streams!

Where'er you wind pellucid thro the vales

Your pastoral mazes, or o'er rocks abrupt

Hurl down your dashing foam. Ye rivers wide!

Where'er in proud procession to the main

Your copious tribute rolls: to you my song

Should grateful rise—Ye Naiads! who direct 500

Each scatter'd rill, ere in coactive strength

'H

They

They flow exuberant; to your praise attuned
 Should sound the note melodious, and your names
 Would I, ye nymphs recount, and joyful paint
 Your attributes and virtues—But your priest,
 Your favourite Akenfide, his hallow'd lays
 Hath not in vain effused, with pious voice
 Hymning your benefits; and all around
 Your sacred haunts hath cast a magic spell,
 Forbidding each profaner foot, the groves, 510
 The caves, the dells obscure where you sojourn,
 And your chaste bosoms shelter from the fire
 Of scorching Phœbus, wantonly to approach,
 Or rudely violate. Nor shall my feet
 Profanely tread your dark-embowering shades,
 Nor shall my roving eye with curious search
 Your deep recesses pierce. Yet, O Ye Springs!
 Ye Streams! Ye Rivers clear! And thou, by whom
 They all are fed, to whom they all return,
 Exhaustless Ocean! with the general song 520
 Which choral nature pours, my voice shall join
 Though undistinguish'd; and with all that creep,
 Or run, or fly, or vegetate, shall own
 Your fructifying, life-preserving power.

Your

Your power, which Thales, which the Man of Thebes
 Contemplating, affirm'd to listening Greece,
 That water all transcends, unrivall'd, best,
 The sole, prolific element of things.

Whether your moisture cloathe the exulting meads
 With herbage, or flow-deluging the plain, 530
 You fertilize the soil, while millions view
 The prospect with delight, sure pledge of wealth,
 Of copious-teeming harvests. Whether soft
 And gentle your refreshing dews descend,
 Absorbed by each inhalant leaf and flower.
 Whether your rains entangle as they fall
 The electric fluid, and with vital strength
 Each seed inform, each fainting plant supply,
 Whether you offer to the thirsty lip
 Delicious draughts; or to the languid frame 540
 Of sickness your invigorating waves
 Wherein to bathe, and feel the tonic force
 Of cold at every trial brace the limbs,
 The heart, the brain re-act at every shock,
 Till, all their pristine energy restored,
 The fibres move responsive to their sway,

H' 2

And

And the once loitering blood propell'd anew
Warm thro its channels to the surface flows.
You, mid the general song which Nature pours,
My grateful strains shall praise. For, not unread 55Q
In Pœon's hallow'd lore, not uninform'd
By chemic art, your healing qualities
I too may boast to know; and whence derived,
From earths, or salts, or mineral particles,
Combined, suspended by attraction's laws,
Or held in union by aerial chains,
And crown'd with sprightly *Gas*. Hence, led by hope,
By reason led, I drank with eager lip
At those salubrious springs which make renown'd
Our British Baïæ; but the obstructing cause 56Q
Of ill, or relaxation faint remain'd;
Such mischief waits on sedentary hours,
And studious midnight thought. Hence now the shores
Of hoary Neptune, hence the founding caves
I seek, and turn to the refreshing breeze
My pallid face, inhaling, as I fit,
The briny spray; or mark the rising sun
Beyond the vast expanse diffusing wide
His glorious beams, and at his orient light

Dip

Dip in the fluid element ; nor breathe
To either power unheeded orifons. 570

SURELY, not duped by fancy, I perceive
At times, as struggling to be free, the trace
Of long-forgotten feelings? And my limbs
More firmly press the beach ! And toward the flood
I move, unaided by minifrant hands.

O DAWLISH! though unclaffic be thy name,
By every mufe unfung, fhould from thy tide,
To keen poetic eyes alone reveal'd,
(From the cerulean bofom of the deep 580
As Aphrodite rofe of old) appear
Health's blooming goddefs, and benignant fmile
On her true votary ; not Cythera's fane,
Not Eryx, nor the laurel boughs which waved
On Delos erft, Apollo's natal foil,
However warm enthufiaftic youth
Dwelt on thofe feats enamour'd, fhall to me
Be half fo dear. To thee will I confign
Often the timid virgin, to thy pure
Incircling waves ; to thee will I confign 590

The feeble matron, or the Child on whom
Thou may'st bestow a second happier birth
From weakness into strength. And should I view
Unfetter'd, with the sound firm-judging mind,
Imagination too return, array'd
In her once-glowing vest, to thee my lyre
Shall oft be tuned, and to thy Nereids green,
Long, long unnoticed in their haunts retired.
Nor will I cease to prize thy lovely strand,
Thy towering cliffs, nor the small babbling brook 600
Whose shallow current laves thy thifted vale.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

INFANCY,

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK. V.

ARGUMENT.

Address to Dr. Monro and Dr. Hunter.—Death of Hewson lamented.—Dr. Black.—Subject of the book, exercise.—Previous remarks on the human frame.—Obscurity of its laws and actions.—Early tendency to locomotion to be indulged.—Sleep to be procured by constant exercise.—The cradle never to be employed.—Child not to be assisted too much in his efforts.—Benefits of exercise.—Curiosity not to be check'd.—Advantages to the body, and the formation of the mind.—Weakly, and deformed children, gain strength, and recover the misfortune, by exercise.—The Country the best place for the education of children.—Neither cold nor heat to be shunned.—All the less cultivated nations escape many diseases, particularly nervous ones, by exercise, open air, and bathing.—Daughters not to be restrained from exercise proper for them.—Bad effects of too much labour, as well as of idleness.—Origin of exercise. A supposed fragment from Hesiod.

BOOK

BOOK THE FIFTH.

TO thee MONRO ! whose industry and skill
The muse can witness, tracing every nerve,
Each tube arterial, vein, and filament,
With the perspicuous steel illustrating
The frame of man; nor less with vivid force
Of happy diction, to the observant ear
Teaching *that* physiology on truth
And reason founded, which beholds design
And matchless order on the different parts
Impress their functions, and pervade the whole, 10
From final causes rising to the prime,
The All-wise, All-perfect : and rejecting far
From physic, from anatomy, the doubts
Of Pyrrho's followers, and the assertions lewd
Of shallow atheists ; while in thee survives
Thy father's spirit, who the school upraised,
With sapient Rutherford combined, and graced

The

The chair, his son with equal lustre fills.
 These strains, MONRO ! I consecrate to thee,
 To thee, and HUNTER, rivals tho you are 20
 Yet in my heart, my verse, shall you be join'd,
 Both dear to science, to your country dear,
 Deserving public fame, and private love.

SHALL HEWSON sink untimely to the grave,
 And I the note refuse ? refuse to paint
 His gentle manners, amiably humane,
 Winning with ease their unobtrusive way
 Into the breast, where friendship and esteem
 With warm embrace received them ? Or his soul
 Inquisitive, and ardent to detect 30
 Nature, how'er conceal'd beneath a cloud
 Obscure, and to the search of common eyes
 Impenetrable ? Shall I not lament
 His talents render'd useless ? And the bloom
 Of genius wither'd in its vernal morn.

WHEN gratitude inspires the strain, shall BLACK
 Remain unsung ? Who first the path essay'd
 Which since by many a bold adventurer trod,
Hath

Hath open'd sources unexplored ? disclosed
 Subtiler effences ; to new pursuits 40
 Awaken'd chemic art ? and loosed the bonds
 Of its establish'd empire ? No ; while praise
 He covets not, and shrinks from due applause,
 The muse shall not in silence pretermitt
 His lucid facts, and philosophic toil.

Tho foremost in the ranks of being, stand
 The men, who active in the cause of truth,
 Divine, or moral, or to human life
 Subservient, with unceasing labour ply
 Their task severe ; to free the embodied mind, 50
 And it's ideas raise above the ken
 Of dull mortality ; by useful arts
 Invented, or improved, to subjugate,
 And undeceive reluctant error, bring
 To the true test of just experiment
 Her specious visions, and elucidate
 Her dark perplexities ; yet is not He
 Among the lowest, who their precepts strives
 More widely to disseminate, arrange
 In varied order their materials, place 60

Objects

Objects the same in different points of view,
 Or cloath'd in fresher garb, attention win
 By seeming novelty. Nor shall the bard
 Howe'er condemn'd by folly, to the rank
 Which petulance assigns him deign to stoop
 His crest indignant, while he feels within
 That living zeal, which, by occasion fired,
 Would prompt his soul to dare celestial themes ;
 Inforce the rules of action which connect
 Each social bond ; or each ingenious mode 70
 Of art unveil, whence profit or delight
 Arise ; and captivate with thrillings sweet
 Of unluxurious pleasure the nice ear
 Of sensibility: With thoughts select,
 On which no vulgar images intrude,
 The affections and the passions mingling bland.

HERE in our lays instructive, we proceed,
 And dedicate the verse to exercise,
 'Twere fit to search with deep attentive care
 The human fabric, its component parts 80
 And nature to determine, were it given
 To

To poet or philosopher to treat
A subject so mysterious unproved.

MUCH hath anatomy distinguish'd, much
Remains unknown; the rudiments of life
Who ever shall explore? Where dwells the power
Inherent, or acquired, which first expands
The comprehensive germ? Which moulds, propells,
And inorganic fluid can convert
To animated fibre? In the brain

90

Does it reside? Or in the central heart?
Or do they both their energy combine?
Is it subtil, elastic, and derived
From that ethereal essence which perchance
All space informs, and every substance fills?
Or is it from the blood by wondrous means
Secreted, render'd volatile, sublimed,
A pure, peculiar spirit? From his state
Of vegetable torpor when released,

Whate'er it be, by this the infant lives,
By this he moves; by this the absorbents bear
Their nurture from the stomach to the veins,
The wasted blood's supply, whose finer parts

100

Perpetually

Perpetually exhale ; this gives the lungs
To play, which from the circumambient air
Its vital principle inspire, and yield
The effete mephitic vapour back again.
This stimulates the heart, and by the heart
And irritated fibres is in turn
Excited, quicken'd, strengthen'd: This extends 110
The solids, and enlarges, haſting on
The circulating ſtream. This generates,
Or is of living heat the copious fount,
Active while it exiſts, without it's aid
Soon changed to deadly cold. By this, the nerves
Of every various ſenſe with ſpeed convey
Each impulſe to the brain, infixing there
The indelible ideas, there arranged,
Connected, modified, they haply form
Or ſeem at leaſt to form the ſoul itſelf, 120
Immortal, immaterial: Hence the ſtores
Of wiſdom are eſtabliſh'd ; hence the flaſh
Of wit burſts forth ; and hence with keenest glance
Imagination darts her eye throughout
This mundane ſpace, pierces beyond its bounds,
And worlds creates, and beings all her own.

Is

Is it of Heavenly origin ? A ray,
 A portion of divinity, this power
 Miraculously working ? Guided sure
 By other springs it acts than those of chance ; 130
 For what is chance but a chimæra framed
 From non-existence by the breath of fools ?
 We see the deeds of highest intellect,
 The finger of a God. Profound we bend
 In adoration, and though all his ways
 We know not, though implicit darkness hang
 Over this universe immense, confess
 That nothing short of Deity, could e'er
 Conceive, or raise the edifice of man.

YET, while the mystic elements of things 140
 Are undiscover'd still, while hidden lye
 The interior agents ; while to man himself
 Man is a being which his utmost pains
 Have fail'd to analyse ; while tho we view,
 Or think we view the circling chain of life
 Depending link on link, in many a part
 Chasms intervene, unfill'd but by the touch
 Of vague conjecture, or of fancy wild :

The

The power of observation is not given
 In vain; nor handed down from age to age 150
 Facts by experience sanctified; nor shines
 Fruitless the torch of clear analogy.
 Or superseding all, the purest light
 The steadiest, nature yields; unerring beams
 Which point the way to truth, while reason smiles,
 And judgment walks secure. O Nature! thee,
 Goddess benign! when first this theme I chose
 In early youth, with aspiration warm
 I call'd; thee vow'd to follow; unrepell'd
 By art's fastidious brow, or system's frown, 160
 Unwarp'd by theory's delusive voice.
 For thou alone the faithful monitor
 Art placed within; thy motions, if observed,
 Forever point to good. Nor will I now
 Desert thee; or retract what then I swore.
 For not from thee we only learn to raise
 The frame corporeal to its destined pitch
 Of health and strength; to ward with certain shield
 The darts of sickness; or if rushing on,
 Disease o'erwhelm us with impetuous might, 170
 To catch the rapid moment, and at once

Expell

Expell the foe, or waste his violence
 By due protraction, till he quit the field :
 But, if by tyrant habit unenslaved,
 If unimpair'd by affectation vile,
 And imitative manners swimming down
 The stream of head-long custom ; thine is all
 The mental glory : virtue, taste, design
 Unborrow'd, glowing thoughts, expression strong,
 The full emphatic eloquence of prose, 180
 The liquid flow of melody, the burst
 Of torrent rapture, and each foaming wave
 Which swells the boundless tide of verse sublime.

To nature then, with me, O Parent Mind !
 Stoop lowly ; and observe her impulse, rouse
 From his first flumbrous state awaked, thy child.
 How soon, tho active vigour be denied,
 His arms, his feet, the tendency display
 To loco-motion, and his roving eye
 Darting swift glances ; pleased that nought around 190
 Should be at rest, nor pleased with rest himself.

INDULGING this propensity, to all
 His free unfetter'd limbs allow their quick
 And yet unsteady efforts ; let him gain
 From his attendant, what he seems to ask,
 Perpetual exercise ; tho not at first
 To agitation violent exposed,
 Or tost in playful wantonness on high,
 But gradually proceeding. Treated thus,
 Kept in unceasing action while awake, 200
 He will not need the cradle's most absurd
 Pernicious motion, which the giddy brain
 Confuses, and benumbs ; on him shall steal
 A softer, sweeter, more refreshing sleep.
 Nor blame the muse, whose iterated strains,
 Neglecting slavish art, its use forbid :
 Wishing the invention with deserved contempt
 Exiled forever ; with the untoward swing,
 The go-cart, and the leader, be it doom'd
 To blank oblivion ; or preserv'd with them 210
 Only in some museum's niche devote,
 Teach future times, from past examples wise,
 More ardently to follow nature's paths,
 Her simpleness to venerate, and own

Hex

Her all-sufficient dictates. Let thy child
 Enjoy his balmy slumber uncompell'd,
 Or by himself alone acquired, from due
 Instinctive exercise: And let him learn,
 Untaught by others, his allotted task,
 To creep, to stand, to walk ; and let him know 220
 Full early no assistance will be lent
 In ought which by his proper strength and skill
 He can accomplish. So shall strength and skill
 Hourly increase ; so he by days and months
 The puny infant shall excel, deprived
 By doating fondness of his native powers ;
 Or to the care of laziness assign'd,
 Who suffers him with tottering step to drag
 Incumbent, while the faithful eye alone
 Should watch, or ready hand with gentlest touch 230
 Uphold. Nor think (an argument of yore
 For binding every limb) his tender form
 Will from his own exertions e'er receive
 Substantial injury ; a posture wrong
 Uneasiness will prompt him to correct :
 Nor will his feebleness permit the force
 Inducing harm, so strictly to his weight

Proportion'd : and how soon, uncheck'd by art,
 Inherent sense, will threatened danger shun,
 Is wondrous. Vanquish then ideal fears ; 240
 And on the matt, or carpet let him sport,
 And feel his growing vigour ; or entice
 To their extremest verge his infant fight
 With becks, and smiles, and captivating toys.

For ends most wise, and most important, flows
 Redundantly profuse within thy child
 This active principle. By exercise
 The quicken'd pulse and stimulated heart
 More truly shape each fibre, give to each
 Their tension, and elastic spring ; urge on 250
 In swift and properly successive waves
 The crimson fluid, and from thence discern
 The different humours, healthy, bland and pure.
 While thro their various channels are detach'd
 The recremental dregs, of acrid kind,
 Or fraught with particles to human life
 Destructive. Exercise supports the flame
 Of life itself, that steady heat, which glows,
 And with peculiar fixedness, resists

External

External cold: Nor, in the torrid zone, 260
 Where Phœbus' beams direct his fiercest ray,
 Is by the scorching atmosphere increased
 To morbid violence. By exercise,
 The stomach unopprest, digests, concocts,
 Assimilates, the generous chyle prepares,
 And feels again the necessary goad
 Of keenest appetite. That balance nice
 With which health corresponds, of part to part,
 Of muscles to their due antagonists,
 Fluids to solids, to themselves, the just 270
 Mixture, proportion, influence, strength of all;
 Even the invisible ethereal stream,
 As vigorous, or weak, condensed, or rare,
 Sensation, passion, intellect, nay more,
 Virtue, and vice, on exercise depend.

Know its advantage then; nor judge thy child
 With this profusion of activity
 Endow'd in vain. For nature rules within,
 Sage tutors, and he now will soon acquire
 By her instinctive precepts more than years 280
 Of labouring education can impart,

So she be not in froward mood opposed,
 Or not unseconced by thee. Behold,
 And aid her movements, let him see and smell,
 Hear, taste, and touch all objects at his will.
 So the deceptive senses shall be fix'd ;
 So early repetition shall bestow
 That just discrimination, that acute
 Perceptive swiftness, which in future life
 Seems instantaneous and intuitive, 290
 Innate, and unpossess'd by second means.

Nor as with limbs more firm he treads, impede
 His restless ardour, his inquisitive
 And eager curiosity, which learns,
 Approaching nigh, the varied form of things,
 Their distance, situation, what resists,
 Or yields, the innocuous, and replete with harm.
 Excite, impell him forward ; and when mind
 Now beams apparent, and the flexile tongue,
 By imitation, and habitual use, 300
 Can utter sounds articulate, the names
 Of every object teach him to repeat ;
 Add daily to his store of images

Simple,

Simple, and unabstracted ; let him walk
 Or run the verdant fields and lawns along,
 Nor thou disdain to attend him, and point out
 As giddy apprehension can receive,
 Or roving fancy lifts, each herb, and tree,
 Mountain, and stream, and mineral, the birds
 Which skim the liquid air, or from the brake 310
 Pour their sweet voices, herds, and bleating flocks,
 Insects on wing, or on the lowly ground.
 With him the nimble grasshopper pursue,
 And chace the gaudy butterfly ; or strive
 To catch the variegated bow which plants
 Its base on earth, now near, but soon removed
 To distant hills ; or bid him mark the sun
 Refulgent shining ; or the clouds diverse ;
 At eve, the silver moon, crescent, or full ;
 And every star whose radiance decks the sky. 320

Thus shalt thou see with pleasure on his cheek
 Health's genial hue, his limbs proportion'd just,
 And beauteous, as of yore the little loves
 In Paphos, and Idalia, or as still
 Warm from Albano's magic touch they breathe ;

Sportive as Zephyr, agile as the fon
 Of Maia, when his infant hand deceived
 Apollo's piercing sight, and stole his lyre.

Thus reason's structure shalt thou help to form,
 Laying the sure foundation, and avoid 330
 Their error, who the memory haply load
 With numerous words, and think their child endow'd
 With parts prodigious, should he get by rote
 Sonorous trifles, useless, and to him
 Incomprehensible; debarr'd meanwhile
 From action, which invigorates the frame,
 And every curious sense directs to things,
 Momentous, and substantial, understood
 At once, or by spontaneous efforts stamp'd
 On the sensorium, ne'er to be erased. 340

REJECT their error. Nor should strength of nerve
 To thy ill-fortuned offspring be denied,
 Should e'en his limbs more tardily perform
 Their office, and distortedly relax'd,
 Trembling sustain their burthen; heed the voice
 Of prejudice, or foolish tenderness,

Which

Which, nature's power unknown, would recommend

Forbearance, and each slight exertion dread.

Rather endeavour by repeated use

To brace the fibres ; exercise can string 350

The slacken'd muscles, which their native tone

Shall reassume, and conquer by degrees

Hated deformity. Nor, should a cause

Obscure, and singular, as such may be,

Withhold him from the assiduous playfulness

Which health and nature love ; indulge the inert

And heavy disposition ; chide, invite,

Force him to move ; lest fallen apathy,

And stupor, the phlegmatic habit's curse,

To their devoted victim cling thro life.

Without design, the lawns, and verdant fields,

We introduced not ; mid the rural haunts

Was placed the tender nurseling ; and from thence

If possible, for many a rolling year

Let nothing tempt thee with thy charge to seek

The baneful town. The country boasts alone

Untainted gales ; the joys, and frolic sports

Here revel ; temperance here awhile defies

Encroaching

Encroaching luxury, and beneath it's shades
Primeval, lingers innocence of foul, 370
And cherub-wing'd simplicity. Here dwells
The unvitiated muse, and thro the glade,
By Alphin's willow'd margin, or beneath
His lofty elms, or mid his apple groves
Thick blossoming, tunes the elegiac strain,
Or meditates, as now, the instructive lay:
Escaped from slavery, from the din of fools,
From envy, and deceit, the treacherous crew,
Who worse than fever or the pestilence
Infect the city's mansions; here intent 380
To meet Hygeia, and with her invert
The garden mould, copartner of her toil,
Or raise the drooping flower, or from the tree
Prune its luxuriant branches; or ascend
With her the swelling hill, or urge the steed
Across the neighbouring down, or fledge the hawk,
And tempt the unwary native of the stream.
Oh! thou propitious power! tho long exiled,
The muse hath met thee here! Whence easier spring
The ideas from their secret source, around 390
Fancy once more her fairy visions spreads,

Light

Light is the destined task, melodious airs
Inspire the bowers, and softer numbers breathe.

If Sickness enter not the rural dells,
Or vanquish'd by the purer atmosphere
Give place to redient health ; consider well
What desperate ills thy children may elude
Here educated, in whose veins yet flows
Unfullied ichor, by the steams which rise,
Mortal, and gross, in the throng'd city's bounds 400
Unchanged. Nor regulate with anxious zeal
Their pastimes and excursions, let them bend,
As tutor'd from within, each pliant limb,
Each mode of varied exercise essay,
Enjoy their animation, and the sting
Of innate sprightliness. Nor let them shun,
Accustomed thus, the summer's noonday heat,
Or winter's freezing sky. The inhabitants
Of every region are by nature apt
Its warmth, or cold to bear, its shifting winds, 410
And quick vicissitudes : in frigid climes
Still more alert, and stimulated more
To necessary action. Oh ! forewarn'd,

Thy

Thy children in the stifling dome, how'er
 Grateful to thee, include not; and misled
 By phantoms of imaginary harm,
 Superfluous vestments, tho defensive deem'd,
 Wrap not around them. So their vital powers
 To danger unobnoxious, shall repell
 All immature assaults; their nerves robust 420
 Escape the morbid tenderness of thine,
 Source of unnumber'd ailments; whence the mind
 Itself at length unhinged, is timid, weak,
 Irresolute, and to sensations doom'd,
 Which tho they must exist, can scarce be borne.

Of poliflit idleness which shrinks from toil,
 And cautious trembles at the external blast,
 This is the sad result. While all the tribes
 Uncultivated, whether in the wilds
 Canadian, or Brazilian, on the steep 430
 Of Caucasus, in Africa, or Ind,
 In the Malayan Isles, or those late seen
 By him, illustrious chief whose timeless fate
 Britannia mourns, and shall forever mourn,
 Whate'er erroneous customs they possess,

However

Howe'er productive of peculiar ills,
 From this at least are free, this languor wan,
 These nervous horrors which o'erwhelm the soul :
 But from activity, from open skies,
 And the lustration of pellucid streams, 440
 Unmoved, support each accident of life,
 Cold, hunger, thirst, and pain; nay dauntless meet,
 And cheerfully resign'd, the stroke of death.

Thus too of old upon Eurotas' banks,
 Or in the martial field near Tiber's waves,
 From hardy childhood, Lacedæmon saw,
 And Rome majestic, those intrepid bands,
 Which taught the sons of haughty Greece to stoop,
 Or subjected the world. To labour train'd
 From early years, thus, undebauch'd by courts, 450
 And softening indolence, in glory's page
 Enroll'd, and with her laurels deck'd, have shone
 Princes, and heirs of empire. Thus, advanced
 From Persia's borders, unrelax'd, and brave,
 Cyrus, whom Babylon's walls in vain
 Resisted, and the myriads which obey'd
 Lydia's enervate monarch, while his crown

He

He slavishly survived, and baser still
 Survived his liberty. Thus, mid the rocks
 Of Bearn, as lived the youthful peasant race, 460
 From them unknown, but by his royal mien,
 With feet unsandall'd, and uncover'd head,
 Henry, the future pride of France, was raised
 By kind maternal virtue. Hence he quell'd
 Iberia's modern Geryon ; hence, the league
 That factious hydra gored with many a wound,
 And finally subdued: hence, graced his throne;
 And peace and plenty thro his realms diffused.

LET then the sturdy boy unlimited.
 Follow the bent of nature ; nor too soon 470
 Enslave thy daughter ; let her limbs possess
 Their utmost freedom to the extreme verge
 Which custom will permit. The lengthen'd walk,
 The more delightful ride, the mazy dance
 Whose rapid evolutions ever please,
 These, fashion, rigid decency allow,
 Whate'er her age: and if each day pursued
 In regular succession, will create
 That mode of happy texture, which attracts

The

The lover's eye desiring; where the blood 480

Speaks in the mantling cheek, but unsuffused
With coarse and vulgar crimson; where the frame

Is healthy, not robust, and elegant,
Not delicately fragile. Purer minds,

And gentler manners fancy here beholds,

By peevishness untinctured, undisturb'd

By malice and suspicion; nor perchance

Views with illudged eye. For much the soul

Depends on her companion. Exercise

Too far impell'd, abnormous, and for years 490

Continued, renders dense the nervous tide,

Or to the seat of thought at length imparts

Idiot rigidity. The effects of age

Intemperate toil can prematurely bring

On the worn frame, and sad untimely death.

While idleness relaxing every nerve

The mobile fluid is deranged by strokes

Of flightest force, nor life is worth the name.

WHAT then do we advise? At first intent

On the corporeal organs, nature strives 500

To unfold, to strengthen them; and calls in aid

Their

Their own endeavours, restless, and untamed.

In her more simple state, by keen desire

Of food the loco-motive powers are roused ;

The savage else inactively reclines

In his low shed, or underneath the palm,

Or spreading cedar, if not urged to war,

And its impetuous deeds, by hot revenge ;

Superiour swiftness and superiour strength

His highest excellence, and only boast,

310

The soul neglected, and to him unknown

Its finer feelings, and extatic joys.

BUT in those climes where polity hath smooth'd

Our innate roughness, where humanely taught,

By wholesome laws conjoin'd, by the intercourse

Of liberal manners, and the incircling chain

Of arts and commerce, there the faculties

Of nobler birth are prized ; the general-weal

Defends each individual, who less heeds,

Or values strength, except as far as health

Asks his attention ; nor the body sole,

But mind, while gather the successive years,

Parental notice claims. When this expands,

Controul

Controll too fervid action, regulate
 Its wilder efforts. Social life requires
 The head confederate, and the labouring hand,
 Business and speculation, study deep,
 And enterprise which laughs at danger's frown,
 Tost on the stormy billows, or engaged
 In fighting fields. Whate'er his lot, adapt 530
 Thy child to vigorous deeds, or strenuous thought.
 Let exercise and books with mutual sway
 Divide his time well-govern'd. Who alone
 Pursues the hare, the fox, and bounding stag,
 Or pores unceasing on the mouldy page,
 Equal contempt and blame deserves. Nor fail
 If totally their charms engross the soul,
 Acute philosophy, or e'en the muse
 With all her softer beauties, to contract
 The span of life, to fill that span minute 540
 With languor, discontent, disease, and pain.

~~ERE~~ We conclude, this added verse receive,
 From Greece derived; for as of late immerst
 In rapturous thought, memory its chiefs pourtray'd
 Its sages, patriots, bards, Apollo's self

K

Appear'd,

Appear'd, or in my day-dream seem'd to appear.
 With him the car I press'd, which swiftly flew
 O'er continents, and seas; not swifter rush'd
 The trident-bearing God to Simois' plains,
 When under his immortal feet the woods, 550
 And thro' their vast extent, the mountains shook.
 We gain'd Bœotia, where arose the cliffs
 Of Helicon, the impurpled lawn I trod,
 And to its top beyond my feeble ken,
 Ascended my conductor, where he join'd
 The expectant choir, whose harmony methought
 Far distant struck my ear. But on a bank
 With lotus and with hyacinth o'erspread
 Reclined the Ascræan poet, him I knew,
 For by his side was placed the verdant branch 560
 Of scepter'd laurel, which the muses erst
 With their own hands bestow'd, and bade him sing
 Their high descent, and all the ethereal race.
 His sheep were scatter'd round, and many swains,
 And many virgins with attentive ear
 Imbided his flowing numbers, with the throng
 I mingled, and regretting that so late
 My footsteps had arrived, for now his strains
 Were

Were well-nigh finish'd, and the sun declined
Toward ocean's bed, with deep respectful awe 570
Heard his last notes, while thus the master sung.

“ His anger ceased ; for on the rocks which bound
The solid earth, with adamantine chains
Braced firm, Prometheus groan'd, while on his prey
The screaming eagle darted from above.
And Epimetheus too of vacant soul
Had as a bride received the treacherous maid
Vulcan's alluring work, with graces fraught
Celestial, but diffusing evils dire.
When now the sovereign Father bade convene 380
The subject powers; soft pity fill'd his breast
For new-created man ; on golden thrones,
They sat in order due; he thus address'd
The assembled Deities. Ye Sons of Heaven
Who on Olympus dwell, or ocean's waves !
Inform, or o'er the streams preside, or haunt
The woods, and forests ! with avengement just
The traitor is exiled, who first presumed
Our living fire to steal, who expiates now
His guilt, and stretch'd upon the Scythian crags 590

Horrific, lies exposed to piercing winds,
Fierce-driving-rain, and snow, or beating hail,
Which with unmitigable violence
Assault his desolate abode. Nor fails
Our ravenous bird at early morn to seek
His nightly-growing feast. Such punishment
From us he merited ; nor have we spared
His favour'd mortals, with Pandora's gifts
Enchanted, by her blandishments subdued.
But them we now with kinder eye behold, 600
Ill-form'd to last, and verging to decay
Hourly ; no doubt with skill and care compos'd,
Worthy their author, and with heaven's own flame
Instinct, from our ethereal dome procured
By fraudulent stratagem ; yet weak to bear
The changeful elements, diseases fell,
And accidental ills, a numerous train ;
Too exquisitely wrought, and destined soon
Again to mingle with their kindred clay,
Unless their fate some means yet unreveal'd 610
Awhile protract ; toward them my wrath relents,
Not of themselves, from their own previous wills
Originated, and to transient life

From

From dust upraised. To you the means I leave
 Immortal powers. Who wishes to preserve
 The race terrestrial, hapless, and forlorn,
 From speedy dissolution, may explain
 Free, and unblamed the dictates of his heart.

“HE spoke. Then Pallas with attentive eye,
 Smiling, beheld the Deities around, 620
 Or pondering silent, or consulting deep.
 Smiling she sat; but graceful from her throne
 At length arose, and thro the effulgent hall,
 Proceeding o'er the jasper pavement, fought
 The door high-arch'd, whose valves of solid gold
 Spontaneous open'd; ere again they closed,
 The blue-eyed maid return'd, and by the hand
 Led, in the prime of youth, and blooming charms,
 A Nymph of heavenly mien, and as it seem'd
 A sister Goddess. On her cheeks was spread 630
 The glowing hue of Hebe; waving hung
 And loose her raven locks, but just confined;
 Her robe succinct a golden clasp upheld
 Baring the knee: Not languishingly soft
 Like Venus in her gait, nor rivalling

Majestic Juno ; but in all her limbs
Dwelt symmetry divine, activity,
And sparkling ardour ; while her hand sustain'd
A spear, too light for battles dire, in which
Mars wields his massy javelin, but to feats 640
Of mimic war adapted, or to wage
The sylvan conflict. To the feet of Jove
Led on, the assembled powers at once survey'd
Her virgin form with wonder and desire,
As from her breath perfumes, and from her hair
Dropp'd fragrant roses. Then Minerva paused,
And thus began. O Father ! see, with thine
How all my thoughts accord. The means I bring
Thy clement aim to perfect ; from their fate
Suddenly threatening hapless man to save, 650
And blest with length of days : by this my work,
This beauteous nymph, whom I with plastic hand
In emulation of Vulcanian skill,
Or Promethean, fashion'd ; not of earth,
Or fire, like their productions, but of pure
And elemental æther ; nor by thee
Forbidden, or with anger now survey'd.
Her name Gymnasia, and in future times,
And

And regions yet by mortal feet untrod,
Health-giving exercise. For she the race 660
Of men shall urge to exertion and to toil,
Snatch from Pandora's arms the tender babe,
String his young nerves, and thro the eventful scenes
Of chequer'd life support him, scattering wide
The mists of torpid indolence, the worst
Of all the plagues, which in the fatal box
Were stor'd, whose sweetness poisons, and the frame
Weak of itself, to double weakness dooms.

"SHE said. The Power superior, with a smile
Approved her wisdom, with a smile that cheer'd 670
Heaven, earth, and seas; viewing the lovely nymph
Moulded by her, and by her skill adorn'd,
The steadfast friend, and guardian of mankind.

"THEY thro the yielding air with speedy flight
Descended, hasting to the nether world;
With acclamations loud Olympus rang."

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

K 4.

INFANCY,

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK VI.

INFANCY,

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK VI.

INFANCY,

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

Address to Dr. Milman.—The Author declines treating particularly of the diseases of children.—The treatment of diseases in general cannot be taught to the vulgar; nor could those of children be contained in a work like this; much less could the skill and judgment be imparted necessary for the administration of remedies.—False notion, because children cannot describe their feelings, that the seats and causes of their diseases are therefore unknown.—Diseases of children not so simple as some have imagined.—The causes also are many and various.—Necessity of applying for speedy assistance.—This, even should it be unsuccessful, will binder the remorse which might follow a different conduct.—The effects of this remorse exemplified in an Episode.—Inoculation.—Rise and progress of the Smallpox.—Introduction of Inoculation into Europe by Lady Mary Wortley Montague.—This duty inculcated.—Conclusion.

• BOOK

BOOK THE SIXTH.

TO thee, whom laudable Ambition fires,
Surmounting every obstacle, to climb
The height of science, rivalling the fame
Of Arbuthnot, or Garth, or learned Mead :
With whom in life's gay morn my heart inwove
A bond of union, which no power but death
Can e'er untwine : whose warm, whose liberal voice
Hath oft approved my strains, in this perchance
Too partial, yet humane, and in the song
Contemplating the friend : This verse to thee, 10
MILMAN ! as worthier of thy classic ear,
I now devote ; nor would I on thy time
Sacred to public good, or studious thought,
Intrude the futile levities of wit,
Or useless elegance, howe'er refined.

WITH

With prudence nursed, and by its precepts formed,
Thy child, O Parent ! haply will ascend
Unhurt to manhood. Yet, events there are,
Which not my lays can teach the means to shun,
Nor thy assiduous caution can elude. 20
For he is mortal, and to mortal ills
Prone from his birth. Each violent disease
The human race invading, may be his:
And some, confined, exert their baleful force
On infancy, and childhood. What, thy care,
What, rural scenes, what the pure lymph and food
Aptly supplied ; what his own active powers
Indulged, the frigid bath, and cleanliness,
With regulation due of heat and cold,
Can frustrate or prevent, and much they may, 30
He will avoid. At least the shafts of death
Shall oft be blunted, nature's vigorous arm
Her shield protending, while her faithful aid
Joins with thy ardent wishes. Is thy mind,
Anxious, and fond, with this unsatisfied ?
And dost thou ask the latent plagues to view
Skulking in ambush ? know their different signs ?
Learn their prognostics, fatal or secure ?

And

And the resources which progressive time
Hath found, and liberal practice can select?

40

WHAT wilt thou gain, so taught? Augmented fears,
Doubled anxiety. In every look
If slightly changed, in every wanton cry,
Or sudden start, thy love solicitous
The seeds of dire disaster will perceive,
And haste with needless remedies to oppose
A fancied mischief, till thy infant feels
Perhaps thus often treated, real pain.
Say, that disease were fixt, and that our page
Lay full before thee fraught with justest rules; 50
Could'st thou with timid mind, and throbbing heart,
Presume to apply them? Would'st thou not, immerst
In hesitation, all attempts forego?
If not, the tone, and bias of thy soul
Mistaking, we for such as thee ne'er strung
The lyre humane, nor e'er the lyre will string.

Yet, much the welfare of thy child we prize;
And doubtless, even from his natal hour
Beginning, could in graphic order paint

Every

Every distemper, each appropriate name 60
 Disclose, their diverse symptoms and their cure.
 And when the instructive plan we first essay'd,
 Imagination's inconsiderate eye
 Colleagu'd with youth, this finish'd work beheld.
 But judgment, render'd stronger by the lapse
 Of twice seven years, rejects the green design.
 A theme inelegant, for verse unfit,
 Tedious, and long, and barren, and to thee
 Of little profit, nay with danger stor'd.

A TASK like this, the muse without regret 70
 Leaves to some *Medicaster*, who the quill,
 Dextrously wielding, aims at vulgar praise.
 We know the failure of generic marks
 Employ'd on species; near the bed of pain
 We know what nice distinction is required,
 What accurate serenity of thought,
 What sedulous attention, to collect
 Each circumstance minute; and from the traits
 Commingled and fictitious, to detach
 What suits peculiar natures, and the turns 80
 Of endless and immense varieties.

Would

WOULD then the mother, would the wary nurse,
 If such there be, from so disturbed a fount,
 To them disturbed, it's muddy waters draw?
 And sport with human life? Not thus reproach'd
 Shall flow my numbers, which the hand of rash
 Or doating ignorance shall ne'er supply
 With poison: Never will I stoop to win
 The multitude's applause by deeds or words
 Which candour must despise. Nor e'en in song 90
 Reflections cast on others, that on me
 May light the praise of fools; the plausible
 Each note appeared, and for the common good
 Intended solely: much less with abuse
 Degrade the very art I once profess'd.
 For conscious of the toil it's practice claims,
 The inquietude, the watchful nights, the days
 To thought intense devote, when jovial mirth
 Holds its nocturnal orgies, and the voice
 Of empty vanity is heard at noon, 100
 Tho far beneath the illustrious great, I knew
 What form'd their sterling worth, and placed them high
 Above the selfish, mean empiric race.

SUCH

SUCH were the sages of the Asclepian line ;
 Thus, from the Coan, to the incipient age
 Of Boerhaave, lived the prime of every school ;
 Thus Sydenham, over every school supreme ;
 Such Huxham lately ran his course of fame ;
 While GLASS with evening brightness still adorns
 The western sky, and proves not yet extinct
 The true, the genuine Hippocratic beams.
 Patient to observe, they, unremitting, scan'd
 The book of nature, while their souls enlarged
 Took in, and added to their proper store
 All past experience, methodized, and clear.
 How vain their labour ! if a tract compiled
 By some assuming, specious shallow scribe,
 Could teach the inferior orders of mankind
 With strict discernment thro the tangled maze
 Of its progressive symptoms, to conduct
 Each dangerous malady, its cause unveil,
 And each adapted remedy prepare ;
 Could these my strains embrace the various ills
 Infesting childhood, to thine eyes display
 The various antidotes, and give that sound
 Unerring judgment, which alone acquired

By

By use and contemplation, can insure
 The proper time of trial, can advise
 With confidence, and justify the deed.

YET, what we may, what not the muse forbids, 130
 Nor our own sense condemns, is freely thine.

IF from the mother's bosom we remove
 Those false opinions, which her gentle soul
 Unwittingly possesses; if we describe
 The limits of her care, and when to invoke
 Superior wisdom's aid; if on her mind
 Some duties we impress, and tyrant fear,
 And more tyrannic superstition drive
 Far from her dwelling; not in vain we write:
 And many a fell disease o'ercome, her sons, 140
 Her daughters shall hereafter bless the day
 Which brought these well-meant numbers to her ear.

BECAUSE the child, with reason unendow'd
 And power of speech, by words to express his grief
 Nature permits not; some believe the source
 Of anguish and affliction is conceal'd

L

From

From every eye, and deem assistance vain.
 Or to the nurse, or vaunting midwife trust,
 Who caſes manifold and ſimilar
 Have oft beheld, and never fail'd to cure: 159
 For each her noſtrum boaſts; if harmleſs this,
 And trifling, it were well, did not the wing
 Of time ſpeed faſt the irrevocable hour
 Of wiſh'd redreſs. But frequently the drug
 They praife, the cordial drops are fraught with death,
 Hurrying convulſions on of direſt kind;
 Or with narcotic venom ſtrong imbued,
 Plunging their patient in eternal ſleep.

Yet, nature, in thy child, tho not in words,
 Speaks plain to thoſe who in her language verſ'd 160
 Juſtly interpret. Are the different tones
 Of woe, unfaithful ſounds? Can he, whoſe fight
 Hath traced the various muſcles in their courſe,
 When irritated in the different limbs,
 Retracted, or extended, or ſupine,
 Fix no concluſions on the ſeat of pain?
 Is it of no avail to mark the breath,
 How drawn? the face? the motions of the eye?

The

The salient pulse ? the eruptions on the skin ?

The skin itself, constricted, or relax'd ? 170

The mode of sleep ? of watching ? heat ? and thirst ?

From which, and numerous traits beside, arranged,

Combined, abstracted, and maturely weigh'd,

Judgment its practice forms ? Are characters

Like these, which ask the nice-decyphering soul,

Intelligible to the beldames old,

Who, wrapt in darkness, utter prophecies

And lying oracles, which cheat the ear,

Or follow'd, to destruction lead the way ?

Oh ! may good angels, kindling in thy breast 180

The lamp of reason, guard thee from their snares !

Blind guides, assiduous to deceive the blind.

TRUTHS partially adopted oft admit

Ingressive error. Children are prefumed,

As fresh from nature's hand, with maladies

Of simpler kind to labour, than the frame

Of grosser age. Say, this belief were true ?

A general rule ? If simpler than they are

Hence treated, still we cannot but decry

The unfound opinion which for all alike 190

One favourite mode of practice recommends,
 If just the notion, *Æsculapius' Son*
 Might as a vain intruder be dismiss'd,
 The mother could supply his place unblamed.
 But, nor with idle terrors do we seek
 To wound affection, from experience taught
 We know what medicines, different in effect,
 And opposite, the varying symptoms claim.
 Antiphlogistics which the vital heat
 Increased, depress; and Cardiacs which excite; 200
 And Opiate Sedatives, in vulgar hands
 Pernicious as the deadly nightshade's juice,
 And Drafts, which consummate skill alone,
 And wise discretion, when the moment calls,
 Should dare advise. The uncomprehensive mind,
 Or prejudiced, or wishing to repose
 In inactivity, is likewise prone
 To simplify the causes, and accuse
 That which perhaps exists not, but which reigns
 As it conjectures, eminent o'er all. 210

THE wild delusions which this source affords,
 With silent scorn or pity hath the muse

Often

Often attested. The luxuriant glands,
 In infants filed of disproportion'd size,
 And the too copious fluids they fecern,
 Or tough and viscid, some alone condemn.
 As if these glands by nature were ordain'd
 So large without design, or worse, to prove
 The cisterns of disease. Acidity
 Some only blame ; and some, the sting severe 220
 Of acrimonious humours. These accuse
 The noisome worm, however hid from sight.
 Those, as exciting fever, reprobate
 Nought but the growing teeth. Repletion, some.
 While others dreadful fits survey within,
 Or e'en pretend to trace them in the smile
 Of downy sleep. Nor women solely err.
 The pedant has his whims ; and he, the light
 Fantastic form, who superficial skims
 The froth of science, yet would fain appear 230
 Most intimate in its profoundest depths,
 Nor a phenomenon beholds, to which,
 Like the first man, intuitively wise,
 He cannot give a name. What strange conceits
 Have not philosophers embraced, intent

The principles of Galen to defend !
 Or to deduce from chymic elements
 Recondite causes ! Or the line apply
 And mathematic rule, to buildings raised
 On mere imaginary ground ! Or search 240
 The moon, and aspects of the distant stars !
 While some, from animated beings, thick
 Diffused thro space, invifibly minute,
 Have every ill derived, tormenting man.

LET all who will, enjoy their pleasing dreams,
 So human life be safe ; and theory
 Held in firm durance, never guide the pen
 When ficknefs needs affiftance. But, of this
 Be fure, O parent ! to thy children flow
 From numerous causes, which would tire thy ear, 250
 And pafs the ftated limits of our verfe,
 Their diverfe ails ; tho not perhaps like us
 Subject to putrid ferments, yet from them
 Not wholly free, nor from the power of cold,
 Of fultry heat, of humid air, and dry,
 And fell contagion, whose refiftlefs aim
 If placed within its reach, no wight can fhun

Of

Of mortal mould, nor e'er escape the bane,
 Unless around her favourites nature cast
 Impenetrable mail, no work of art.

SHALL then by fear impeded, none attempt
 To rescue childhood from distress and pain,
 But those, by long and toilsome study taught,
 To investigate the cause, the symptoms scan,
 And judge what they portend? The impartial heart
 Unmoved by sordid lucre, by the goad
 Of mean self-interest, wishes to the race
 Of infant innocence, no worse a fate.
 But not to combat what the muses nine,
 And e'en the Delian God with all his power, 270
 Could never vanquish; and because the step
 Of Pæon's votary is not always near;
 Attend our strains. When the weak head declines,
 And the eye droops; when now the inconstant cheek
 Is red, now pale; when fretful, restless, hot;
 The stomach and intestines discomposed,
 And in their office changed; when the young springs
 Of life more quick or tardy seem to move
 Than nature wills; we would not to thy child

Forbid thee, tho we dare not recommend, 280
 Nor can approve the deed, unless by fate
 Widely sequester'd from the experienced eye,
 Reason's sole plea ; to give a portion due
 Of the Indian root ; or taught the quantity
 With nice exactness, which his age may claim,
 Some useful Antimonial ; or, that mild,
 Insipid, light, absorbent, by it's name
 Magnesia, better known, or join'd with this
 More strengthening Rhéum, from Siberian wilds,
 Or Turkey's regions brought. Here ends thy care : 290
 For now the transient obstacles o'ercome,
 Alacrity returns ; or still he pines,
 Still his distemper gains increasing force.
 And if the cause should thus be deeply fix'd,
 Thy efforts would be vain, perhaps unsafe,
 At least engend'ring danger by delay,
 And danger often marches close by death.

HERE let thy love, thy conscience take the alarm ;
 Love for thy child, and terror at the guilt
 Or dire infanticide. Perhaps the worst 300
 Of ills impends ; convulsion lurks unseen ;

Fever

Fever already riots in his veins ;
 Or suffocation threatens to destroy.
 Trust not thyself ; trust not the babbling hag ;
 Let fondness all alive, and light'ning round,
 Detect her, as Ithuriel's spear the toad,
 Couch'd at the ear of Eve, with poison fill'd.

YET shun despondence, cherish warmest hope,
 Seize fleet occasion ere it passes by,
 And call the ingenious Leach, his happy skill 310
 Shall to its pristine health thy babe restore,
 If all-o'erruling Providence permit.
 If not, to the indefatigable mind
 Tho learning all its mysteries hath reveal'd,
 Tho judgment clear, and long experience join
 Their potent aid, a WARREN will be foil'd,
 A HEBERDEN, or BAKER, cannot save.
 But thou from every taint of guilt or blame
 Art free ; thy duty is perform'd ; tho poor
 That solace is, which counsels, be resign'd, 320
 Fetter the strong sensations, rapid-wing'd ;
 And glean content from rectitude of thought.
 Who thus can lose the darling of the eye ?

The

The little lively cherub, who e'en now
 Begins his voice to modulate, and lip
 The half-form'd tale? Ah! wherefore was he given?
 So soon resumed, and snatch'd from cheerful day?
 That, Heaven best knows. Yet, if thou wilt, indulge
 Thy just emotions, give them ample scope;
 Recall each mimic gesture, every sound, 330
 Each look, when pleas'd, or wayward in his mood,
 He struck with inexpressive tendernefs
 The soul parental. With thy struggling heart
 The muse shall sympathise, shall add to thine
 Congenial notes sincere. But time shall heal
 The rankling wound, and soften by degrees,
 Nay, quite o'ercome reflection's sharpest pangs:
 Till memory tracing to the fount of grief
 Views it at length unruffled, and beholds
 Thro the calm lymph, woe's once detested form, 340
 Affectionately pensive, yet serene.

THE human soul with fortitude can bear,
 Or with elastic energy expell,
 Or slowly certain, vanquish every ill,
 But dread remorse. The self-accused descend

Low

Low in the scale, and abject, or they pine
Afflicted, or amid the blaze of noon
Perceive no change in the dark midnight gloom
Which reigns within ; despair stands scouling by,
And fullen madness crouches for his prey. 350

Oh ! may thy mind, whatever doom'd to feel,
Whate'er of anguish, pain, or penury,
Wounds of ingratitude, or flighted love,
This worse than all, than famine, fire, or steel,
This horrid fiend avoiding, never shrink
Beneath his weight, by conscious thought condemn'd.
Nor, may Evadne's melancholy fate
Be ever thine. What beauties could she boast!
How fair, in virgin innocence! Her charms
Pierced deep, for unaffected was the maid, 360
And justest education had improved,
Not tortured nature. Melody had chose
Her voice for its loved vehicle of sound.
Tho' mute, she spake, her eye had magic fire.
Her shape, her gesture, every action beam'd
Expressive elegance. Could the young heart
Of Polydore resist her wondrous power?

He

He strove not to resist, he heard, he saw.
 And all his melting soul was her's alone.
 Nor did she view the enamour'd swain, or hear 370
 Scornful the tender vows he breathed; for his
 Was the smooth open front of candid truth,
 The modest cheek, the soft persuasive glance
 Of true affection, and the sigh sincere.
 The lawns, the meads beheld them, and the groves
 Of quivering alder, and the willows green
 Skirting the mazy brook, nor e'er beheld
 Happier and purer mortals; nor e'er caught
 Amid their shades, or on their mossy banks,
 Notes more impassion'd from the Doric muse, 380
 Than Polydore to his Evadne sung.

Thus fixt immutably, thus rivetted
 By strong attraction, not a father's frown,
 For his imagination had pourtray'd
 Evadne in the higher rank of pride,
 Of wealth, and pageantry; not five long years
 Of absence could from either's heart erase
 The other's image. Yet again they met,
 Auspicious was the meeting; for the soul

Of

Of age severe, now moved, resolved to blefs 390
 The constant youth, and to his arms resign
 The beauteous maid. He blefs'd the constant youth ;
 And to his arms the beauteous maid resign'd.
 Fair shone the morn of their espousals, fair
 The coming morn, and promised to the eye
 Of raptured love, a train of prosperous days.

ON happiness! how exquisite !—how brief!
 Affliction is the lot of man below:
 And often, misery, when the soul of joy
 Flushes with transport, breathes a sudden air 400
 Of chilling frost, the genial warmth destroys,
 And florid bloom. One eve Evadne sat
 Alone, in swift succession to her view
 Rose many a fairy prospect, but the light
 Which gilded them was Polydore's, the sun
 Was he, illuming, animating all
 The forms of her creation. Even then
 She felt his warm embrace, and press'd the thought
 His glowing cheek to her's; for him prepared,
 The table smiled; for him bright-beaming shone 410
 The rosy wine; the foot-steps of his steed

She

She heard in every gale. But him, alas !
 The living Polydore she never saw.
 That steed had proved unfaithful to his trust,
 With mad'ning swiftneſs toward the gate he flew,
 While far behind his breathleſs maſter lay.

THE feelings of Evadne to deſcribe

Weak is the muſe, and nerveleſs are her ſtrains.
 What can ſupport her ? Where exiſts the power
 Which can detain her from the grave that holds 420
 Her lord in death ? What, but the babe which ſmiles
 Unconſcious of his loſs, as on her breaſt,
 Her nurturing breaſt, he hangs ? For him ſhe lives.
 For him ſuſtains the load of grief, and ſtrives
 To tear the rooted anguiſh from her mind.
 He is the charm which reconciles her thoughts
 To the loath'd world ? for Polydore in him
 She ſees, in the dear pledge of amity :
 Stamp'd with his image, with his vital blood
 Inform'd, and breathing ſweet his balmy breath. 430

HATH not miſfortune ſpent her deadly ſhafts ?
 HATH not Evadne ! In thy child appear

The

The symptoms of disease, and onward hastes
 Impetuous fever. To a form like thine,
 A temper blameless, with emotions pure,
 Humane, and amiable, ah! why did heaven
 Refuse staid judgment, firmness to resist
 Error importunate, and strength to shun
 Credulity, which hears the dotard's tale,
 And thinks it truth! Who taught thy Grandam hoar 440
 The secrets of an art, to which the mind
 Of vigorous energy, and years of toil,
 Are scarcely equal? By what Demon urged
 Malicious, with what evil spirit fill'd
 Of self-conceit and folly, dares she hope
 To accomplish, what requires the searching eye
 Of genius, and the labour'd skill of deep
 And accurate attention? On thy child
 She looks, then proves her wisdom. First, the teeth
 Are blamed, and charms are tried, and nostrums given.
 Next, fits internal, and her poisonous drugs 451
 She brews like Circe. Then the noxious worm;
 And anthelmintics various she procures,
 And oft repeats the drench. Each different cause
 She e'er has heard suggested, is accused,

And

And every remedy she ever knew,
Administer'd ; while still, the last, her voice
Solemnly flow, declares will banish pain,
And with miraculous and sudden force
Restore the suffering babe ; who lies meantime 460
Opprest with double woe, by his disease,
And that pernicious treatment, which from plain
And simple, has converted it at length
To mortal violence. Now, nature yields
Reluctantly o'ercome. Evadne sees
The victim of presumptuous ignorance ;
Conviction flashes on her mind ; she calls
For aid, too late. He dies ; and with him dies
Her Polydore again. She raves, she tears
Her flowing locks. Yet, passionate excess 470
May waste itself, and peace once more return.
It might return, as when she felt the pangs
Of absent love, as when her heart was torn,
Losing its dearer portion. But the sting
Of sharp reflection, by herself impell'd,
What hand shall e'er extract ? Her delicate,
And feeling mind, imagination struck,
Shrinks from existence ; while by day, by night,

These

These sounds pervade her ear, "Thy child is slain,
 And thou wert an accomplice." Horrid sounds! 480
 Inviting on his cloud, the dreary shape
 Of melancholy madness. Oh! what notes,
 What different notes, utters Evadne now,
 Enfrenzied, and forlorn, from those which erst
 Amid their shades, or on their mossy banks,
 The groves responsive heard, the joyous groves
 Of quivering alder, and the willows green
 Skirting the mazy brook, those Doric notes,
 Which Polydore to his Evadne sung.

TURN we from scenes like these, which o'er the soul
 Of weeping sympathy diffuse a gloom, 490
 Yet, not unchaften'd by the milder ray
 Of self-acquitting thought, and firm intent
 To shun the latent rocks of deep distress,
 By pious caution guided; from our theme
 Not thus abstracted, its preceptive notes
 Yet unrelinquishing, and sorrows mists
 Dispell'd, which o'er the breast of innocence
 Flit like a cloud across the summer sky;
 To happier mansions, objects of delight, 500
 M And

And joyful prospects, turn! to where thy child
 Hath, by inoculation, overcome
 The plague Variolous! As Hercules
 The spotted snakes defeating, transport flush'd
 Alcmena's glowing cheek, so over thine
 I see the kindled radiance. Whether born
 In Ethiopic wilds, or mid the sands
 Of parch'd Arabia, or where spread the shores
 Girding the Caspian; from his natal place,
 Pursuing Mahomet's wide-wasting arms,
 The monster rush'd on Europe, pale dismay,
 Horror, and death rapacious in his train.
 For many a century, without controul,
 When raged his fury, by pernicious skies
 Aroused, or propagated far and wide
 By fell contagion, he destroy'd mankind.
 The cities groan'd; the matron o'er her babe
 In unavailing trance of anguish hung.
 The lover offer'd up his fruitless vows,
 And wearied heaven importunately fond,
 To save the beauty which his soul adored.
 The babe, the mother's self, became his prey;
 The youth, and virgin, sunk into the tomb.

If

If life were granted, beauty was effaced ;
 Each decent feature, tumid, and enlarged,
 Roughen'd, or dented with unseemly scars.

MEDICINE was whelm'd with shame; the Roman page
 Was silent, nor the Grecian could afford
 An antidote for evils Grecia's sons
 Had ne'er imagined. Rhazes wrote in vain ; 530
 And even Sydenham's efforts had their bounds.
 For the cold lymph by prejudice was shunn'd ;
 And Sydenham, tho' he oft by freer air
 Tamed the devouring heat, and shook the throne
 Of learned ignorance, declaring war
 Against its regimen, adverse to life,
 And compounds teeming with destructive fire,
 Alexipharmic poisons ; could not change
 The rank malignant nature of the pest :
 Which still, when favouring constitutions reign'd 540
 And in peculiar habits, all his art
 Baffled, invincible ; his art, beyond
 All mortals else, and only not divine.

THE triumph was reserved for female hand ;
 Thine was the deed, accomplish'd MONTAGUE!
 What physic ne'er conjectured, what described
 By Pylarini, by Timoni sketch'd,
 Seem'd to philosophy an idle tale,
 Or curious only ; She, by patriot love
 Inspired, and England rising to her view, 550
 Proved as a truth, and proved it on her son.
 A manly mind where reason dwelt supreme
 Was her's, the little terrors of her sex
 Despising, by maternal fondness sway'd,
 Yet bold, where confidence had stable grounds.
 How far superior to the turbann'd race
 With whom she sojourn'd, scrupulous, and weak !

YET, this is she, whom Pope's illiberal verse
 Hath dared to censure with malicious spleen,
 And meanly-coward soul. Redoubted Bard ! 560
 What hath thy satire, though it often flow
 Happy, and poignant, with Horatian ease,
 What hath thy moral lay, though pure, and just,
 And elegant, of profit e'er produced,
 Of high advantage to thy natal land,

Compared

Compared with her bequest ? Thy numbers charm
The listening ear, and with thy polish'd stile
Taste is enamour'd ; she hath been the cause
Of heart-felt joy to thousands, thousands live,
And still shall live thro her ; thy song can please 570
None but the sons of Britain ; or the few,
Of nice, and studious leisure ; she unlock'd
The springs of satisfaction and delight,
And with perennial comfort blest'd the world.

LET me then urge this duty ; nor to fear
Or superstition yielding, let thy child
Encounter in his native shape the fiend,
And brave his violence. For, whither, say,
To what sequester'd haunt canst thou retreat,
Where he will not pursue ? How vain thy flight ! 580
How sure thy victory, if as art direct
And wise experience, thou anticipate
His threaten'd blow ! So when the Patriarch's arm
Was stretch'd to wound his son, an Angel came,
And saved the victim from impending death.

GENTLE, and almost harmless is the bane
 By skill communicated, which regards
 The times and seasons, nor infects the child,
 If to dentition's wonted state arrived ;
 For, ill the labouring frame can then endure 590
 An added stimulus. Nor yet before
 That period : left to epilepsy prone
 By the contagious vapour raised, he quit
 Sudden the precincts warm of light and life.
 This too the cold of winter bids us shun,
 Potent the vessels to contract, increase
 Their tonic force, and in the system stir
 Fierce inflammation. And the summer heat ;
 By which all putrid ferments are sublimed,
 And render'd doubly fatal. These extremes 600
 Avoided, in the temperate months alone
 Let every prudent matron be resolved
 To obey the call of duty, and of love.
 Unless the dread contagion, thickening round,
 Impell them to neglect each guarded rule,
 Yielding by force to peril's just alarm.

NEED

NEED we, in this our Æra, when mature,
 And vigorous, reason prospers, groundless fears
 Oppose by arguments? the groundless fears
 Of fondness, or religion? In thy mind 610
 No terror should, or can with justice dwell,
 But left, as naturally seen, by art
 Unmodified, uncheck'd, the stern disease
 Should thy young charge assault. If he escape,
 His lot is fortunate. Assaulted thus,
 Oft, from an hundred only, many die.
 From many hundreds, none, or one perchance,
 Of those inoculated. Why should thine
 Be the poor solitary one? If death
 Follow a treatment, which can soothe the pest, 620
 And meliorate its nature, could his life
 Be granted to thy fervent prayer, when arm'd,
 And with its proper rage it took the field?
 This be thy source of comfort. Nor believe
 That Providence is tempted by the deed.
 From providence flows reason to mankind;
 And reason teaches us to fly from ill,
 And covet good. The invention, the success,
 Is the true warrant of approving heaven.

Who would not rather cross a shallow frith, 630
 When first the rising tide begins, than wait
 Hemm'd in a nook, till with impetuous force
 It sweep him from his station ? Who refuse
 By Franklin's pointed rod, to draw the stream
 Of lightning on their roofs, because the cloud
 Might harmless pass above ? thus safe convey'd,
 In unterrific silence, to the ground.

How rare the examples now, and scatter'd, mark
 The unhappy beings, who from idle dread,
 Or weak maternal love, in childhood's state 640
 This boon received not; and who sharing yet
 The hereditary feelings, want themselves
 Firmness of soul the omission to supply.
 Mark, where they pine in solitude, oppress'd
 By anxious thought; to whom man's cheerful race
 Affords no joy; the voice of music breathes
 Its choral notes unheard; the stage displays
 The living manners, and the assembly beams
 With sprightliness and elegance, in vain.
 The city, nay the village bounds they fly, 650
 And shift from place to place, as from the pack
 Of

Of clamorous hounds and men, in wild affright
 The trembling hare. Oh! never may thy sons,
 Thy daughters, thus be cursed! in early life
 By thee from all these future horrors freed!
 The mirthful croud, with innocence of heart
 Joining well-pleased; the gay, the social hour
 Nor shunning, nor desiring, but awhile
 To soften care; or fit the soul for acts,
 By relaxation due, of nobler kind. 660
 Endow'd by thee with comeliness, no trace
 Of this abhor'd distemper left behind,
 And all it's wonted ravages defied.

For MONTAGUE again the verse prepare,
 And bring the harmonious strain! Why thro the realms
 Of Europe are not votive statues placed
 Honouring their benefactress? From the straits
 Of Gades, south, to where the towers ascend
 Of famed Petropolis? Or, crossing wide
 The Atlantic foam, why in the new-found world, 670
 Which more to her, than its discoverer, owes,
 Appears no structure sacred to her praise?
 Yet, shall imagination rear the dome,

And

And fix the expressive marble. Hither come,
Ye nymphs, and swains, with flowery garlands deck'd
Your polish'd foreheads; on the shaven green
Which fronts the temple, ply your nimble feet,
The jocund dance inweaving! Hither come,
Ye fauns and dryads! Hither, glowing love,
And spotless beauty! Youth, with radiant eye, 680
And blooming health! While underneath the beech
Or oak, which waves it's consecrated shade,
Humanity, and wisdom, smiling view
The festive throng, mid whom the graces play.
And quitting their proud bowers, and lofty hill,
The muses utter notes divinely sweet,
Such as of yore they sung, when gratitude
Tuned to the friends and patrons of mankind
The genuine lyre, ennobled by it's theme.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

P O E M S

ON

DIFFERENT OCCASIONS,

NOT BEFORE PUBLISHED.

ADDRESS TO PEACE.

1760.

O VIRGIN fair, with olive garland crown'd
Thy polish'd forehead ! Who with raptured eye
Survey'ft the waving harvest ; when around
From her full store the richest gifts are shed
By plenty's hand unsparing ; or if choice
Thy footsteps guide to more sequester'd scenes,
Attentive to the turtle's melting note,
Wafted by echo's busy, sportive voice
Thro the green glade ! O Queen of every charm
Soft vanquishing the human breast ; adored 10
Tutorefs of science, of each art refined,
Existing first by thy creative power,
By thy enlightening influence sustain'd !
Thee too the Idalian tribe, the smiling loves,
And graces, interweaving mutual bands
Of rosy twine, thee the Pierian nymphs

Applausive

Applausive view, and hail with dulcet hymns,
 Genial Inspirer ; from their fight exiled,
 They droop their languid heads, no more the beams
 Of warm imagination fire the soul 20
 Of their deserted votary. He adapts
 His lyre in vain to smooth melodious airs,
 Harsh, grating discord jars on every string.

Oh ! where chaste nymph, shall I begin to praise
 Thy matchless beauties ? how, attractions paint
 Innumerable ? the quick thought shrinks back,
 Nor dares attempt the complicated theme.
 And yet our conscious bosoms know, and feel
 The blessings sprung from thee ; Albion exults
 Through all her fields, joy and contentment reign, 30
 And Agriculture holds his plough, and smiles.

FORTUNATE ISLE ! or more—Beloved of Heaven !
 Surely expell'd from every other land
 Beneath the ethereal cope, on dubious wing
 Traversing the vast globe, here PEACE restrain'd
 Her weary flight, here fix'd her steadfast throne,
 And stretch'd her golden sceptre, while o'er all
 The

The liquid realms thy floating bulwarks ride
 In triumph, big with horror and dismay,
 Far off to bear the fiery war, and awe 40
 Refitting nations. She meantime secure,
 Upon thy borders all her balmy dew
 Showers unwithdrawing; on a thousand hills
 Feed thy large flocks, throughout a thousand vales
 Refound thy lowing herds, thy rivers bear
 With pain the load of commerce, and thy towns
 Receive the tribute of remotest lands;
 Here either India's bounteous gifts are spread,
 Here the collected wealth of every clime.

Ah! how unlike to these were the dire scenes 50
 Witness'd of old! when civil tumult urged
 The rival claims of Lancaster, and York;
 As sway'd by desperate chiefs, then Britons fought
 Against contending Britons. Horrid fight!
 Compell'd to war, tho' confanguineous streams
 Together mingled on the accursed ground.
 Ah! how unlike, when fierce rebellion raged
 In all her terrors clad! When, impious man,
 Cromwell, by wily arts, religion deem'd,

And

●

And holy zeal, prompted the infuriate bands, 60
 Enthusiastic, to dethrone their King,
 And mocking sacred justice, lead to death
 The royal victim.—Gracious Heaven! remove
 Such woes, such crimes forever! Nor again
 Should treason, in despite of lawful sway,
 Wave her dark crest, as by the North e'erwhile
 Upraised, let her not meet rebuke severe,
 And swift avengement. Never may a fiend
 So ugly, so detestable, be born
 In British soil: but may soft placid gales 70
 Of concord whisper thro the land; may all
 The powers of harmony conspire to form
 A lasting guard, a wall impregnable,
 Around young Brunswick's throne, and fix his reign
 On the firm basis of his people's love.

O NYMPH divinely sprung! Ethereal Maid!
 Hear the fond wish! Still beam thy purest ray,
 Dazzling audacious faction; gently smile,
 And party shall unfurl her wrinkled brow,
 Catching humanity; in social bands 80
 Connected, tell thy Britons they may dare

Defy

Defy the universe; much less may Gaul
 Hope to resist their power, 'tis her's to fit
 With envy swoln, and utter threats in vain.

UNHAPPY GAUL, what generous foe but heaves,
 Reflecting on thy fate, the sigh humane !
 Where is thy robe of triumph now, the robe
 Of purple grain, which o'er thy glittering arms
 Thou wont to cast ! Why at thy feet reclines
 That dinted shield ? What means the broken spear, 90
 And edgeless sword, beside thee placed ? Why sinks
 Thy downward eye, as if ashamed to view
 Yon ruin'd trophy ? Where is now thy pomp ?
 Thy glory's radiance ? Where the flattering hopes
 Of conquest, and invasion ? Either Ind,
 Torn from thy empire, owns Britannia's sway.
 Where are thy crouded fleets, by the bright plumes
 Of golden commerce fann'd from shore to shore ?
 Why scouls around thy land, where plenty smiled,
 The meagre form of nerveless poverty ? 100

SUCH are the fruits of dire ambition, such
 The baneful gifts of War, before whose face

N

Glide

Glide pleasing phantasms, fair delusions, dreams
 Of sure success, and splendid victories won.
 False glitter all ! Behind strides horror, pale,
 And ghastly ; fell despair, whose murderous hand
 Seeks his own life ; famine, with hollow eyes,
 And body wasted to the bone ; inwrapp'd
 In storms, and whirlwinds, whose resistless force
 O'erwhelms whole provinces, and bares the earth, 110
 Sweeps desolation ; miseries worse than death ;
 The cries of orphans, suffering matron's groans ;
 Anxieties and griefs immense ; woes more
 Than language can describe, or fiction frame.

THESE are the followers of remorseless war,
 By frantic rage impell'd to thin mankind.
 Such now o'er poor Germania's harrafs'd soil
 He drives his fervid chariot ; not of yore
 Louder his voice was heard on Thracia's hills
 Urging his loved Edonians to the field. 120
 Roused at the sound, in dread array, her sons
 Pant for the fight ; here dauntless Ferdinand
 Meets the thick tempest of impetuous France.
 There Austria sends her valiant legions forth,

Prepared.

Prepared for hardiest conflict; to her aid
 Lured by the hopes of plunder, their bleak wilds,
 And snow-clad hills deserted, onward haste
 The rugged Ruffians; cruel, fierce, untamed,
 Ruin, and brutal havock mark their way.

Who shall the savage multitude oppose? 130

Who nations, leagued with nations? On his brow
 Sits fortitude, while prudence spreads around
 Her tutelary wings, and valour goads
 His ardent soul, instinct with highest thought,
 Defying peril, and the front of death.
 A soaring spirit, undepressed by fate,
 He bears; Immortal Frederic! Lo! when gain'd
 A transient rest, he wakes the Lesbian lyre.
 At every touch I hear a Master's hand
 Explore the chords; as if the favouring Maids 140
 Of Helicon, their violet-shaded fount
 Had left, and danced exulting at his birth,
 While blue-eyed Pallas saw, and praised the deed,
 Yes, let the fickle *many*, as they list,
 With fortune's giddy tide retract their course;
 At least one Briton shall with thee, O Prince,

The torrent stem of black adversity,
And weave a radiant chaplet for thy brow.

For surely justice bade thee draw the sword
Against thy treacherous foes.—But if instead, 150
By mean ambition led astray, thy soul
Grasp'd at the hopes of conquest, the false pride
Of overthrowing kingdoms, should a Bard,
Should thy own strains self-flattering, e'er attempt
Thy crimes to palliate, may the abortive work
Perish unheeded ! never shall the muse
Of genuine poetry adorn thy name ;
But snatch it Infamy ! and waft it on
To the dark shades, where mute oblivion reigns.
Blasted be all, who harbour thoughts like these ! 160
Who unprovoked, let loose to tear the world
The wasteful furies, who, for deeds of blood,
Quit the mild virtues of humanity ;
And to emblaze their glory, sport away
The lives of thousands. With a fix'd contempt
Tho glittering in the spoils of half the East,
Tho worshipp'd as the progeny of Jove,
I view the Æmathian tyrant. Not the tribes,

The

The prostrate millions, from Siberia north,
 To distant Iran ; not the imperious Turk 170
 Vanquish'd by Stella's mountain, not the crown
 Reft from the Egyptian Soldan's head, himself
 Compell'd o'er Afric's torrid plains to roam
 A fugitive, from me extort a word
 Applausive of the Scythian Homicide.

WHERE justice fails, there fails the nerve of war,
 The finewy strength, which gripes, and fast retains
 True glory ; when the sacred flame inspires
 Of freedom, when the invigorating love
 Of his dear country to the mortal strife, 180
 Impells the Hero's courage-breathing soul,
 His fame, not rancorous envy's tainted tongue
 Can with malignant poison dare imbue ;
 But her black snakes drop their convulsive folds,
 Hissing involuntary praise. To him
 Should victory present the splendid palm,
 Meed of his brave emprise, and having borne
 Safe thro the terrors of the ensanguined plain,
 Lapp'd in her blooming mantle, lead him back
 To realms, his toil, his virtue hath preserved ; 190

For him, with liveliest admiration join'd,
 Shall gratitude effuse the enchanting voice
 Of heart-felt, rapturous joy ; him meet the youth
 With gladfome shouts, and all the virgins hail
 With choral song, or thro the mazy dance
 In tuneful cadence ply their airy feet ;
 While in his breast a double share of bliss
 Extatic swells, and all his conscious mind
 Is fraught with strong, with exquisite delight.

BUT should the fates his wish'd return deny, 200
 And death resistless strike the mortal blow,
 Lo ! from his feeble arm the uplifted sword
 Unnoticed drops ; valour beholds no more
 His ardent glance, shot from the enkindled soul.
 Yet still on her his swimming fight he throws,
 On her, and liberty, as o'er his wounds
 In tenderest grief they sprinkle the salt tear,
 And pleas'd to engage their pity, smiles and dies.
 Hallowed by them, what yet survives, his name
 They guard with purest zeal ; at their command 210
 Heaven-nurtured truth assumes her golden pen,
 And opes the historic page ; at their command

Obedient

Obedient sculpture lifts the pious urn,
 And animated bust ; they speak, and all
 The Aonian nine tune their melodious strains :
 Or graved on adamantine tablet, fame
 Suspends them high in her eternal dome,
 That latest times may read, admire, and love
 The man, who when his country call'd him forth,
 Devoted bled.—Such, amid Indian wilds, 220
 Fell gallant Howe ; such, prodigal of life,
 Upon Canadian shores, illustrious Wolfe
 Refign'd his patriot soul. Oh ! early lost !
 From thy full noon, what glories hope portray'd,
 So bright thy morning beam ! to last, too bright—
 Soon overwhelm'd by the dark clouds of death.

BENIGNANT POWER, from whom my numbers spring !
 Ah ! what avails it, that our groves, our lawns
 Enraptured own thy presence ; that around
 Our coasts, is flung, productive of soft ease, 230
 Thy genial girdle ; if on foreign strands
 Our chosen Heros are condemn'd to expire,
 A prey to the stern furies ? if the waves,
 Where'er they roll, are tinged with British blood ?

Lo ! from beyond the vast Atlantic surge,
To where the Ganges pours his mighty stream,
Flooding the Orient, War hath fix'd his fway,
Grim slaughter waves his crimson flag, on high
Revenge directs her course, and far and wide
Echoes the yell of discord. Oh ! appear, 240
Long absent, to the labouring world ; disclose
Thy virgin charms, deck'd in thy silver vest,
Advance with modest step, and strait abash'd
Each monster shall retort his felon brow,
Or envious, look askance, but all too weak
To glut their rage on thee, shall in their flight
Desperately rend each other ; while behind
Vengeance shall raise his livid arm sublime,
Shaking a whip of scorpions, far beyond
The flaming limits of the world, to urge 250
Their way, amid the jarring elements
Immerged, fit habitation. Thou shalt seize
The rod of empire ; happy in thy smile
The nations shall rejoice. I see the quick,
The wondrous change ; I see before my eyes
The gayly-shifted scene ; the realms of Peace
Lye open to my view ; I taste, I feel

The

The balmy zest of pleasure, as my steps
 Pervade the lovely range ; pure Nature here
 Unfulfilled wantons ; here Favonius sports ; 260
 Tricks his light plumes, or on the blushing cheek
 Of Flora, hangs enamour'd. I behold
 Arcadian plains, verdant as the green banks
 Of lily-sprinkled Ladon, famed of yore
 For agile satyrs, fauns, and shepherd gods,
 The train of Pan. Verdant, as meet the sight
 Of old Penéus, where his course he winds,
 Thro scenes romantic, Daphne's loved abode,
 Thro Tempe's hallow'd groves, and flowery lawns.

Ah ! who will lend their succouring hand to guide 270
 My feeble steps to the aerial height
 Of yonder craggy mount, whose pine-clad top
 Wars with the clouds ! thence wide outstretch'd, the view
 Mocks the beholder's farthest ken, arise
 In mix'd confusion, towers, and tufted trees,
 And sheep-deck'd hills, and crowded towns, and seas,
 Smooth as the glassy mirror. Oh ! I long
 In some purpureal vale at ease to rove
 With yon gay band, in festive garments drest'd,

Their

Their burnish'd arms, now uselefs, hung aloft 280
 Amid the laurel shade. With them recline
 Beneath some spreading beech, or oak, whose roots
 Bathe in the brook beneath, and whose large limbs
 Deny all entrance to the noon-tide beam ;
 Attentive to each soul-arresting tale
 Of war, of bloodshed, and of sieges dire,
 Rencounters fierce, and victory hovering o'er
 With dubious wing.—Thence turning, I espy
 A mazy path, deep thro the sacred grove
 It seems to wind ; a solitude serene ; 290
 Except what artlefs symphony dispenfe
 The feather'd race, in many a liquid trill,
 From every springing shrub, and moss-grown tree.

HERB I proceed, nought fearing left the charms
 Tempt to betray, or as in times of yore
 The red-cross Knight, thro such a specious track,
 Startled, I view the den of Error foul,
 Dread monster, foam by his sharp-pointed steel
 Laid low.—This brings to the delicious bowers
 Of Peace, the tranquil region of her sway, 300
 Aloof from prying boldness. May I dare

Enter

Enter these blest'd retreats, where fancy fees
 At every turn ideal beings move,
 Exceeding human far ! here stalks along
 Musing, and solemn, contemplation flow,
 Cross'd are his arms, his stedfast looks are bent
 Inward, and rapt he seems in extasy.
 There sits philosophy, his wrinkled front
 And hoary head proclaim him old, but young
 And vigorous is his mind, and active soars 310
 Amid the stars ; here virtue walks, array'd
 In dignity august, yet simply grand,
 Unstudious of attire ; on either side
 Two sweet companions, modesty the one,
 Of blushing cheek, the other innocence,
 Known by her spotless zone. The smiling form
 Of boon content, lock'd hand in hand with health,
 Speeds o'er the level surface of the green.
 Here fairy fiction weaves her painted stole,
 The colours from the bright ethereal woof 320
 Of variegated Iris taken. Here
 The Muses daily sing, and all night long
 Ceaseless entwine the many-sounding threads
 Of harmony. Rapture with greedy ear

Attends.

Attends. My gazing eyes transported view
 The glowing face of love; the nimble gait
 Of florid youth, fallying with keen desire
 To where beneath the myrtle's odorous shade
 Beauty awaits his coming.—Oh, ye powers!
 Ye airy substances, Oh! tell me where 330
 Is she whom you adore? Who gives you all
 Unruffled, in these woods, these caves, and streams,
 To walk, to lye, to bathe your graceful limbs;
 Who from your presence drives the rout profane
 Of dissonance, and tumult. Tell me where
 Now in the silent noon she dwells retired.

In you refreshing grot, around whose sides
 The fragrant briar, and clinging eglantine
 Luxuriant rove; where the rich jasmine sheds
 Its bounteous perfume, at whose entrance rise 340
 Spontaneous flowers, where springs the primrose pale,
 The cowslip, and much-varied pink, the rose,
 The daisy meekly clad, the violet sweet,
 With all the incense genial Maia yields.

I SEE

I SEE her ! O Immortal ! by the choir
 Of winged songsters, by the elyian gales
 Fanning thy grötto, by the liquid pearls
 Which drop by drop down from the arch'd roof fall,
 By thy own auburn ringlets, by the fire
 Mild-beaming from thine azure eyes, the smile 350
 Dimpling thy cheek, thy sweetly-breathing lip,
 That soft serenity which gently plays
 'O'er thy whole frame, by each attractive grace,
 Each placid inmate of this holy seat,
 Oh ! listen to my prayer ! With aspect bland
 Pardon that rashness, which with giddy step
 Urged hither my unhallow'd feet. Forgive
 That all-unskill'd in song, my youthful lays
 Rough, and uncouth, have jarr'd thy purer sense
 With harsh disturbance. Yet, if I have err'd, 36
 To the blind impulse of mistaken zeal
 Impute the unguarded deed. Thee I adored
 From earliest years ; thee, now the rising down
 Shadows my chin, with added warmth adore.
 And dost thou hear indulgent ? Nay benign
 Approve my verse ? Oh blessing, far beyond 290
 My utmost hope ! Still shall my vows be paid

T.

To thee, with true devotion ; and compell'd
With care to sojourn, to the busy paths
Of life exiled, still shall my ardent love
On thee be fix'd : thee will I oft invoke
With fond regret : and haply tho condemn'd
Ne'er more to pierce these Academic shades,
Thy visions not unfrequent, may be spread
Before my sight : thy form divine appear,
And tune to melody the new-strung lyre.

300

ON

ON TAKING THE HAVANNAH.

MOURN, mourn Iberia ! prostrate in the dust
Lay thy once-haughty form ! while thus breaks forth
The deep, impassion'd anguish of thy mind.

“ACCURSED be those, eternal bane pursue,
And taint with blackest infamy their names,
Who first with impious counsels dared advise
To join my aid, and help the sinking state
Of ruin'd Gallia !—Never more may peace
Attend their footsteps, who so rashly framed
The boasted compact !—Fools ! who did not think 10
What enemy they roused to venturous deeds.
Who did not, tho by sad experience taught,
Reflect on days of yore, and thence foretell
Confusion to their hopes.—Have I not seen
Edward, tremendous in his sable arms ?
Have I not often heard the dreaded name

Of

Of Raleigh ? oft of Drake ? Have I forgot
 When all the riches of our western world
 Vigo beheld, or taken, or in flames ?
 Or when Gibraltar lowly-sloping, sigh'd 20
 O'er her scaled bulwarks ? Or, when urged by fame
 Heroic Peterborough laugh'd to scorn
 Numbers, and strength superior, having fix'd
 His standard on the subjugated walls
 Of Punic-built Barcino ? Dauntless soars
 The British spirit, holding undepress'd
 Its glorious way. Oh, Britain ! Oh, adorn'd
 By our disgrace ! triumph, and bliss are thine,
 Mine is despair. Oh, Cuba ! word of joy
 Erst, and delight, now of reproach, Oh, Isle 30
 Beloved, how art thou torn from my embrace,
 Perhaps forever !"—Thus Iberia, mourn,
 By day, by night, nor rear from off the earth
 Thy weak, enervate limbs.——But thou rejoice
 Oh, Antillean Genius ! shout aloud,
 And call thy Nymphs around thee from their grotts,
 And caves, call forth thy Dryads from their groves
 Breathing perfumes. Bid sound the sprightly song ;
 Bid lead the frolic dance : And say " Rejoice

With

With me, ye Nymphs, rejoice ye virgin train ! 40
 Again delighted range my woods, my dells,
 And wide savannahs. Now arrives the day
 Long time by me invoked, to oppress with woe
 The fell Iberian race, whose cruel minds,
 Hard, and unfeeling from the lust of gold,
 Prompted their willing hands to extirpate
 My old inhabitants ; e'en hoary heads,
 And tender years for mercy cried in vain.
 Then did the heavens weep blood, in agony
 The mountains trembled, and the chafed ocean 50
 Lash'd the refounding shores with indignation.
 I o'er my face my mantle threw, and struck
 With inexpressive horror, inly groan'd.
 You shriek'd, and wildly ran to hide forlorn,
 In dens, and caverns, never visited
 By Sol's intruding splendor, where you might
 Indulge the potent grief which wrung your souls.
 But now the time is come, the time to cease
 Your ejulations, and cast off the weeds
 Of sorrow.—Vengeance on them lowers, his form 60
 Gigantic shades the land, his quiver bears
 Its winged shafts terrific, he essays

O

His

His strength, and preluding, to contact draws
The points of his renitent bow. He calls
Far from the north, from the white-clifted Isle,
The sons of war; by rapid winds impell'd,
They speed across the Atlantic. Brave their souls;
And proud in conscious worth, they view unmoved
The frown of death. Their Enemies dismay'd,
And anxious, droop.—What numbers soon to fall! 70
Their firm-ribb'd ships, high-towering o'er the deep,
In vain protect them, their strong gates in vain,
And force-defying ramparts, and in vain
Velasco, best, and bravest of his kind;
Whom, had not hate hereditary steel'd
My nerves, I should behold with pitying eye.
His efforts fail, and on the well-fought breach
Lo! he expires! Now Vengeance drench'd in streams
Of reeking crimson, leads his heroes on,
And now the Isle is theirs. Oh! gratulate 80
The valiant, the avengers. May they ne'er
Restore the conquest; grant it not ye Powers,
All, who detest injustice!"——In the prayer
Of Cuba's Genius, Thou Britannia join!
Say to thy sons "Hold fast this matchless prize,

Transcendent

Tranſcendent o'er the Caribbean Iſles,
Pride of the weſtern Ind ! Rejeßt her not,
Left other nations tauntingly obſerve,
Thus fight Britannia's progeny in ſport,
Thus waſte their treaſures, and the generous blood 90
Of thoſe, whoſe valour awes the aſtonied world.
Ah ! if her ſtores of aloes, and of myrrh,
And fragrant caſſia, her delicious fruits,
Worthy of Paradife, which might enchant
A ſecond Eve, her hills clad with each tree
For uſe, or ornament, her ſugar'd fields,
Her luxury of charms, cannot entice
And win you to poſſeſſion, yet let not
My enemies inſultingly reproach
Your eaſy folly, nor become the tale 100
Of ſcorn, and laughter to perfidious Gaul."

ON GENIUS.

SAY, what is Genius? with the human form
Is it connate? or is it gain'd by years,
Like the corporeal efforts? Its prime food
Is vivid inclination to excell.
By emulative warmth, and love of fame
Its growth is cherish'd, industry and toil
Clothe it in strength and beauty. Oft its powers
Torpidly slumber, till a fervid ray
Impell'd by chance, awakens them to life.

YET we affirm that nature must adapt
Each fibril, bearing to the source of soul
External impulses; must to the brain
Impart its happy texture, to receive,
Retain, renew, associate, or reject
Those multiform impressions, which each sense
Thither conveys. Else, strong desire would fail,

10

O 3

No

No works, bnt those of hebetude appear,
 Or phantoms of inanity. The brain
 Completely moulded, its auxiliar nerves
 With quickeft fenfibility endued, 20
 We the foundation trace, tho nice, yet fure,
 On which, colleagu'ing with attentive care,
 Incumbent o'er his many-colour'd mafs,
 His vaft collection of ideal ftore,
 Genius thofe ftructures elevates, which ftrike
 The admiring eye, and claim immortal praife.

For now, unknown at firft, by due degrees
 The qualities are his, which only ftamp
 His mental frame and character exact,
 Judgment, and tafte, and elegance.—Obferve 30
 Where youthful rapture gazes on the page
 Of fairy poefy ; feizing the pen,
 He tries, he fails ; again, again he tries,
 As often fails ; yet eagerly purfues
 His daring plan, to equal, to furpafs
 His favorite prototypes, and round his brow
 Twine laurel wreathes. He darts his curious eye
 O'er nature's face, examines, and compares

The

The copy with the original, acquires
 Himself ideas new ; abstracts, combines, 40
 Affimilates, and modifies them all
 A thousand different ways ; a stile, a grace,
 A manner of his own at length he boasts,
 And scorns weak imitation. These are toils,
 The free indeed, and the spontaneous toils
 Which nurture Genius, and which constitute
 His finest pleasures.—Why, with strong desire,
 With seeming equal ardour in the chace,
 Does excellence another's grasp elude ?
 Because his nerves, or that ethereal, pure,
 Elastic fluid which pervades the nerves, 50
 Have diverse modes of action, are unfit
 Impressions fine, or vigorous, to convey
 To the warm seat of thought ; or else because
 The brain not duly textured, only feels
 Sensations blunt or faint, with efforts faint
 Reflected, and confused. From nature then
 Alone is genius sprung, at least she gives
 That mechanism of parts, to which he owes
 The very capability of life.

EARLIER, or later, whether chance excite, 60
 Or inclination fire, she to the bard
 Imparts his numbers, she harmonious sounds
 To masters of the lyre, to painters tints
 Of loveliest hue, and bright ideal grace.
 She fixes deep, and she diversifies
 The thoughts of men, and stretches out the bounds
 They ne'er can pass. Her stamina to change,
 Transcends all mortal skill; else Johnson's strains,
 Had vied with Shakespear's, Whitehead's equall'd Gray's.
 We must be what we can, not what we will. 70
 Leisure, and opportunity, and chance,
 And ardent emulation, nought avail
 To raise up genius, if the organic tone
 By nature is denied. The general race,
 In science, and each art they cultivate,
 Haply by unremitting labour taught,
 May partially excell.—But how unlike
 Is genius? and how rarely shines reveal'd
 His dazzling aspect!—In four thousand years,
 One Homer, and one Shakespear have arisen. 80
 Virgil himself, is but of second rate,
 Compared with them. One Newton time hath seen
In

In his vast journey. Yet the scale abounds
 With numerous gradations. In the realms
 Of swarthy Afric, mediocrity
 Itself is genius; far beneath that point
 Myriads are fix'd, till scarcely intellect
 Exceeds the Oran Outang's.—All depends
 Join'd with the swift transmissive power of nerve,
 On the sensorial energy of brain, 90
 Its shape, and size, and weight, proportionate
 To the whole frame. Largely with this supplied,
 Had a still larger volume been assign'd,
 Half-reasoning elephants had reason'd quite.
 A trifling weight haply the balance turn'd
 Between a Tully, and a Catiline,
 A Marius, and Metellus.—Nature's hand
 Is visible throughout; no force of art,
 No labour, cultivation, fervid hope,
 Industrious effort, can avert the blight 100
 Of her frugality.—Yet in its birth,
 Genius may be extinguish'd by disease,
 Strangled by poverty, sunk in the dust
 By stern oppression, or by indolence
 Cursed with perpetual barrenness of mind.

BUT

But give the tone of brain, the nerves which bear
Faithful impressions strong ; give the mild sun
Of opportunity to dart its rays ;
Give leisure, curious search, the strenuous thought
Aiming at worth superlative, give time 110
Which solely perfects wisdom ; and the form
Of Genius will arise, on eagle wing
To soar to heaven, or with a lynx's eye
To penetrate the abyss, to associate all
The charms of beauty, grasp the true sublime,
Add novel tints to fancy's rainbow drefs ;
Or separate the clouds by error spread,
Till all the gloom is vanquish'd, and the light
Of intellectual day wide-blazing streams.

To

TO INDEPENDENCE.

1787.

HAIL INDEPENDENCE ! on thy sacred altar
I heap devoutest offerings.—If misled
By phantoms of imaginary good,
From thy rough path sublime, from the keen air
Thy mountains breathe, my steps have turn'd aside
Tho but an instant, or a thought escaped
Toward the low vale, or thick o'ershading grove,
If thus my soul e'er felt a transient wound,
The flaw of weak mortality forgive !
And let me, strenuous task, forgive myself !
While smoothed the scar, and re-inspired by thee,
Doubly enamour'd of thy form august,
Erect I move, and with unblushing face
Claim thy alliance ; and in solemn strain
Swear never more from thy bright track to cast
A devious look ; or injure, what no wealth

10

Can

Can ever recompence, no fame obtain'd
 From the rank vulgar, ever can repay,
 That conscious honour, that nice sense of worth,
 O'er which the firm, and unsequacious mind 20
 In secret broods, exulting as she tastes
 The true, luxurious pleasure:——That I first
 Beheld the light, free-born, on Albion's coast,
 Nor yet among the meanest of her sons,
 Necessitous, to penury exposed,
 My grateful thanks to Heaven are due. Oh shame!
 These blessings to degrade, confine my limbs
 With golden shackles, and descend beneath,
 In voluntary abjectness of soul,
 Not only the poor hind who guides the plough, 30
 But the pied-coated beggar. Have I drank
 At the clear stream of science? Have I read
 The stoic lesson? and in groveling wife
 Shall I so stoop, and call myself a man,
 In flattery to my equals, my inferiors,
 However with the gifts of fortune cramm'd,
 That e'en my dog, if granted words and sense,
 Would cry, how I despise thee!——Not from this,
 From this alone, O Goddess of my prayers!

Defend

Defend thy votary; but inspire me still 40

With that unyielding spirit, which resists

Pride's domination, and with fix'd contempt

Eyes the malicious scorner. While in vain

The many-acred blockhead thinks to find

Me on his nod attendant, at his smile

Cringing, and with officious haste his will

Anticipating, e'er his tongue command,

Haply when he despairs of life, and craves

Art's sage assistance, to receive the few

Vile counters, by necessity extorted, 50

Which he so dearly estimates; to me,

Which are but glittering nothings.—Yes, pursue

Such modes of action, call them politic,

And thrive by them, who list. I know mankind

As well as they, and know base humours please

The base, that feign'd respect appears as real,

That few, from self-complacence, can escape

The flatterer's bait, and twenty saws, to prove

That men, like callow birds, are oft the prey

Of reptile sharpers.—But I know myself, 60

And will not, cannot pay the price for goods

I deem of fordid grain. The price not paid,

In

In the world's ware-house let them rot for me,
 Or clothe the backs of fools, and prodigals,
 Fools, who on gew-gaws set a value, far
 Beyond their worth intrinsic; prodigals,
 Who in exchange, give what exceeds all price,
 Sincerity, integrity, and honour.

YET GODDESS ! would I not austere dwell,
 A solitary Being. While I trample 70
 Malice, and spleen, and pride, beneath my feet,
 The good, the just, nay, e'en the rich, and great,
 If rich in virtue, and if great of soul,
 Claim, and shall have my reverence. They are form'd
 For all mankind, I own them form'd for me,
 Nor would I boast of independence here.

NEITHER the ties of nature would I loose,
 Stifle the fond affections, quit the duties
 Mild, relative, reciprocal, nor fail
 To bend with anxious care to those beneath me. 80
 The high-o'eruling, independent, ONE,
 Essence of essences, supremely blest,
 His creatures, tho so infinitely low,
Sustains,

Sustains, preserves, with mercy and with kindness
Shrouding from human view his awful sway,
And stern-eyed justice.—Pride is madly-fierce,
Wresting from all alike insulted homage,
But triumphs most o'er the depress'd, and weak.
True Independence fears not to be humble ;
Hating servility, she renders light
The weight of obligation ; bids the wretched
With confidence uplift the timid eye ;
Bids them approximate, and joins herself.

90

F I N I S.

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